REAL WEST

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CHARLTON PUBLICATION

rue Tales of the American Frontier

NOVEMBER 1975 CDC 00174

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DONNER PARTY

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ZTTOHZTOO ZTTOHZTOO ZTTOHZTOO ZTTOHZTOO

GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches... protecting yourself against sickness... securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business... winning happiness and love... reading the thoughts of others ... and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D------ J------ W--- N-- T------ I- M- L---."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y-- k--- I l--- y--." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p----- u------ l---."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b---- t-- m--- o- p--- h-- p------." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o-- w--- c----- p---- a-- c-- s---- a-- p------" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

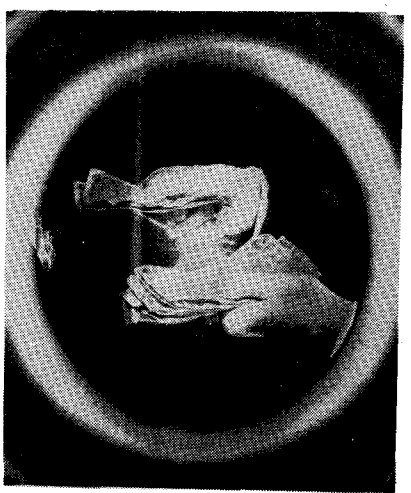
CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i----- m- m--- a-- b--- c---- w--- t-- p------ p----- o- r----- g--- h-----" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w--- t-- s-- o- o-- t------ d------ s- I c-- p-- t-- s------." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

ISLAND PARK BOOK CO., Dept. 104A
55A Saratoga Blvd., Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of MIND COSMOLOGY by Norvell! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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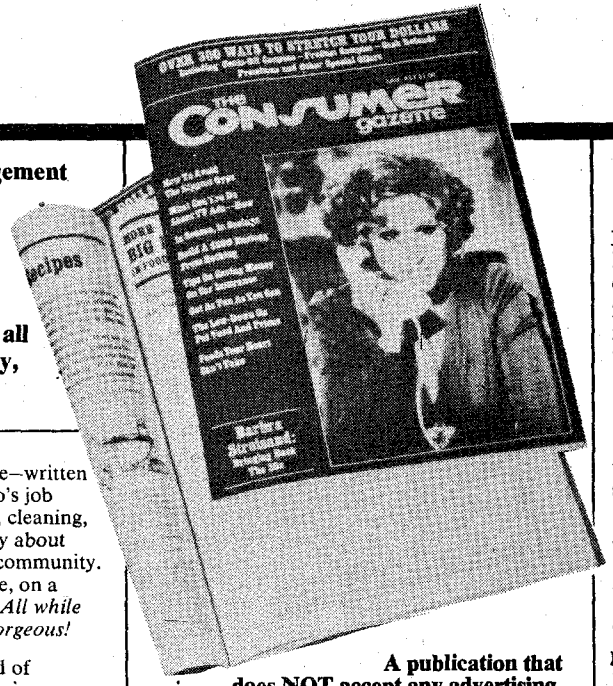
For the woman who's always known that

Running a home is an EXECUTIVE job...

Here is the true professional homemaker's magazine that **SAVES TIME, EFFORT and A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY!**



Vital, important, home management articles that everyone in the family will enjoy—PLUS—dozens of free offers, cents-off coupons, brochures, pamphlets, and tens of dollars worth of discount coupons on all kinds of popular health, beauty, and jewelry products.

Yes, the CONSUMER Gazette—written for the efficient home manager who's job covers buying, repairmen, cooking, cleaning, car and vacation. Who has to worry about children, spouse, relatives and the community. *And* who does all this on a schedule, on a budget, with one eye on the clock—*All while trying to look calm, relaxed, and gorgeous!*

It's time you got the same kind of professional help available to *all* business executives through their trade publications—where the articles, stories, coupons and product information are specifically selected to help them be more successful at their jobs, save company money, and put more dollars in their own pockets.

Now, finally, the same kind of trade information has been prepared for you—a fully professional publication geared to the professional, home manager—the woman who runs her day the way executives run theirs.

This is the publication where every article, every feature, every story is selected for you. Even the coupons, the information about consumer products, the special discount offers, are reviewed for accuracy and true consumer value by a very-tough-to-please editorial board before being printed in your Gazette!

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The CONSUMER Gazette accepts no advertising. That's right! No one can buy space in the Gazette. They can only ASK to be included. And that freedom from advertising pressure, that commitment to the interests of you and your family, is what allows the Gazette to print the truth on savings and rip-offs, or how-to-get and how-to-do. *That's why everyone in the family will thoroughly enjoy and profit from each and every issue of this incredible publication.*

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466 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

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REAL WEST

Nov. 1975 No. 142 Vol. 18

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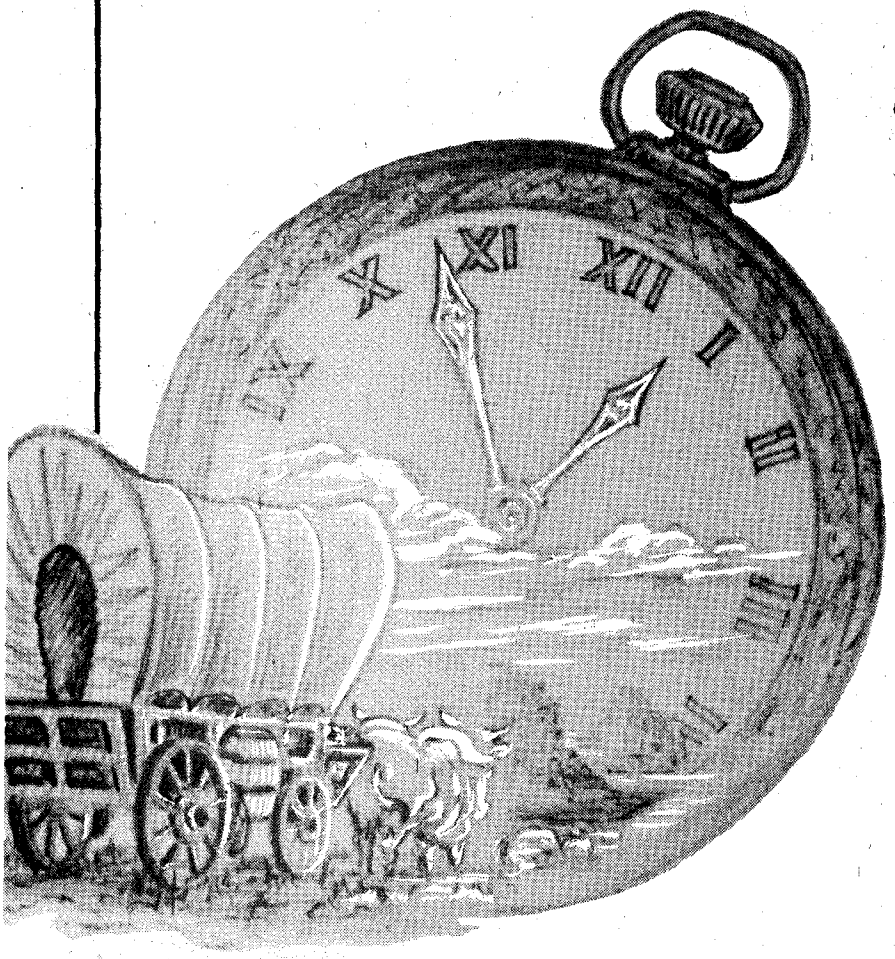

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REAL WEST

REAL WEST contains exciting stories and photos of pioneers, settlements, cowboys, law and order, and the Indian. Features include weapons of the West, a history of native Americans, plus Questions and Answers.

If you are taking advantage of the subscription offer why not check the back issues ad in this issue for any you might have missed?

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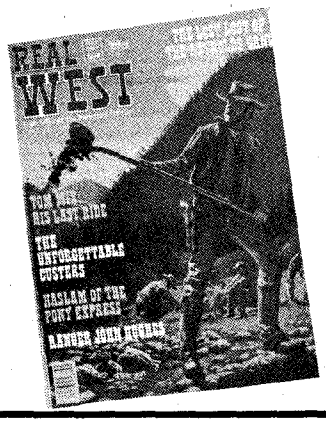

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

TEX RITTER

Dear Editor,

I read with a great deal of interest the recent article your magazine carried on my dear friend, the late Tex Ritter. The story and illustrations were good, and I only found two major errors. One, although commonly depicted as being born January 12, 1907, his record of birth and tombstone biography show Tex was actually born on January 12, 1905. Two, he never practiced law because he didn't get his degree in law; that's why he went into show business.

However, the article was one of the best noticed in your series on cowboy greats, and on behalf of the Ritter family, his fan club and myself, thanks for writing about this great American. Fans of his who wish to help us keep the legend bright may join Tex's Fan Club by writing me. Again, thank you very much.

Kindest regards,
Texas Jim Cooper
2001 Williams Lane
Carrollton, TX 75006

J. J. REBORN?

Dear Editor,

I just bought the April issue of REAL WEST and ran across an item titled "Jesse James Reincarnated"?? If Jesse James was killed on April the 3rd, 1882, as history stated it to be, then how can a man tell of his killing after he has been dead for over 70 years? This is fantastic as horse blood is chicken blood. I don't care who this man is; I don't believe it.

How could Jesse James predict his life after death? Too many fairy tales are told about the man who became a legend in his time, who robbed trains, and banks, and *then* lived 16 years as an outlaw. And he was shot down in his own parlor by a dirty little coward?

It appears to me that the author was the dust of the bones of this man, shivering from the ghost. *No dead can tell tales.*

Thank you kindly,
James G. Glazner
2404 McCroskey Ave.
Knoxville, TN 37917

YEA, BUFFALO BILL

Dear Editor,

I am an avid collector of Col. William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") memorabilia. I thought your article on "The Fabulous Buffalo Bill" was great; I have added it to my collection. I would like to also ask readers of REAL WEST if they have any stories or articles of interest about the Colonel, be sure to drop me a line. Anyone with the old dime novels, photos, posters, etc., please write. Every letter will be answered! Move on Buffalo Bill in the future!

Thank you
Bob Davis
8 Eisenhower
Dayton, OH 45431

WHO KNOWS THE REAL FRANK JAMES?

Dear Editor,

After reading "The Death of Frank James" in March REAL WEST I would like to create some curiosity, confusion and controversy by saying that Annie (Mrs. Frank James) "might have" guarded more secrets than those revealed in Mr. Breihan's story.

Now there are bound to be some REAL WEST fans in southern Tennessee in the area above Florence, Alabama. If any of them want to do a little exploration ... here is a "lead."

In Lawrence County, Tennessee, below Lawrenceburg, in a remote place called "Moccasin Bend" will be found a tombstone dated 1915. It contains the name "Frank James." If *that* man's son can be contacted (a few years back he had a grocery store in Lawrenceburg) or either of his 2 daughters, an amazing story could possibly be told that would explode many myths.

I will advance only this one thought: The real Frank James was a *gentlemen* who had a thorough knowledge of the Bible, liked to quote Scripture and knew Shakespeare real well. The Frank James, accepted by historians to be the real Frank James, preferred burlesque shows to Shakespeare, did not quote from the Bible, hung out in a bar in The LaClede Hotel in St. Louis and actually did not seek much "culture."

I will leave off here with a mention that in The Moccasin Bend Country, where this Frank James taught school and preached in the church, there is a cave on his property where not a real long time ago hundred-year-old guns and ammunition have been found... and they were intended for use in CIVIL WAR NO. 2.

I have seen the cave, I have been to the tombstone, and I talked with Frank James' son and granddaughters, whose lips had been sealed long ago.

Good luck,
George Marquis
Mgr. Levolo Programs

THE WILD WEST — YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Dear Editor,

I drank my first beer in a Miles City, Montana saloon, and cowboys wearing chaps and six-guns and horses tied to hitch rails were quite common. Not long after that, I was in Ontario, Oregon and saw the same thing, with high-board sidewalks in front of the saloons.

I lived in Cour d'Alene, Idaho, when Murray, Idaho was booming from the gold strike, and all towns in the mining district of northern Idaho were wide open, as was the City of Spokane, Washington. In 1930 I was in Burns, Oregon and saw the same thing. These same things are now re-enacted at "Buckskin Joe" at the entrance to the Royal Gorge here at Canon City, Colo. They have a robbery and shooting match and the hanging of one of the robbers for entertainment of the tourists, and do a pretty good job of it.

Some movies are made here, and all the old buildings were moved in from nearby ghost towns, and are occupied during the summer. The runaway stage coach is quite exciting for eastern tourists, along with board sidewalks and many residents packing guns. I'm past 80 and in good health, and have seen a lot of the west while it was still wild.

Burt Berrier
1407 Grand Ave.
Canon City, Colo 81212

GRANT AT THE BRIDGE?

Dear Editor,

The story "Grant Before Greatness" was good, but a few facts were left out. While he was a lieutenant under Fremont in California,

(continued on page 57)

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A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected

A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"Its Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers — not only relief — but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

- You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

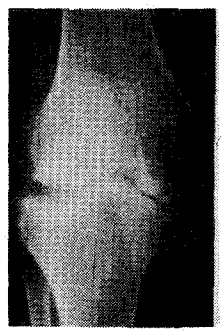
Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

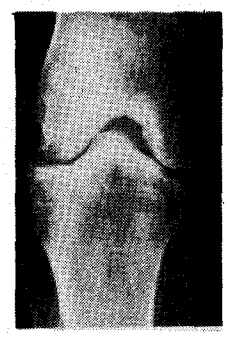
No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. **"There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."**



Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.



Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS

RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

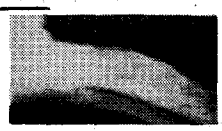
I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends —in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.



Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method —X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of A DOCTOR'S PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS, by Giraud W. Campbell, D.O. I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine this book for a full 30 days at your risk. If at the end of that time, I am not satisfied, I will return the book for every cent of my money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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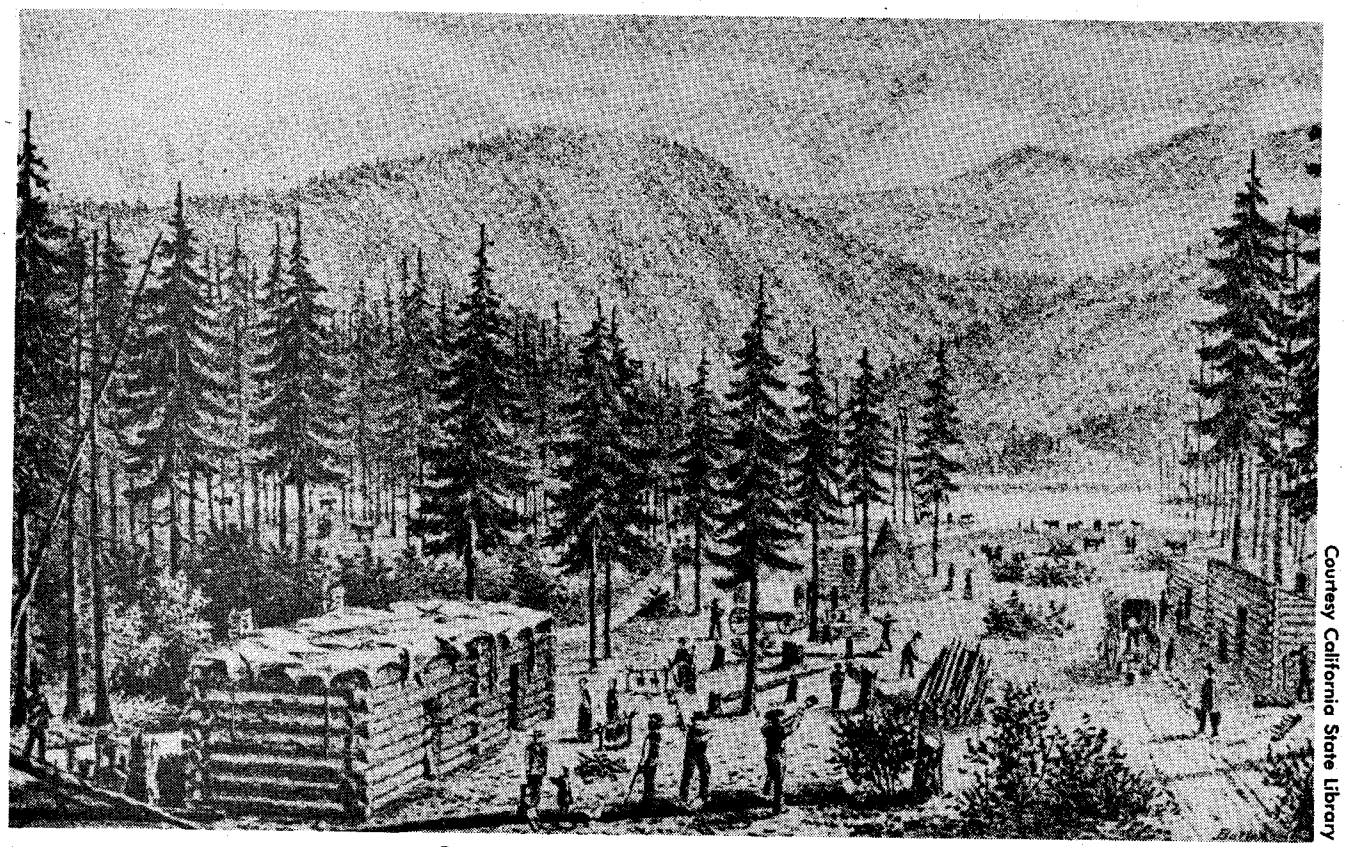

Courtesy California State Library

Camp at Donner Lake, November, 1846.

The Tragedy Of THE DONNER PARTY

by Freyda D. Sullivan

The tragic fate befalling the Donner Party in the winter of 1846 would not have occurred were it not for a poorly documented book that guided the wagon train along a route which led them into one of the most agonizing ordeals ever experienced by man.

As the wave of westward overland emigration swelled to a flood tide in the mid-1840's, the possibility of disaster increased proportionately. By 1846, traffic was two-way on the California - Oregon Trail as wagon trains headed west met pack - trains and horsemen going east. One such party of east - bound travelers included Lansford Warren Hastings who was hurrying eastward to meet the first wagon train of the season. He hoped to persuade some of the emigrants to try the new shortcut he had proposed the year before in his guidebook, *The Emigrants' Guide to Oregon and California.*

Even today, seen in the perspective of time and history, Hastings is an enigma, a "confidence man" and an adventurer. He first arrived in California in 1844, coming by way of Oregon. He met and talked with Johann Augustus Sutter, the Swiss empire - builder at the latter's fortress - rancho in the central Sacramento Valley. Although a Mexican citizen, holding valid Mexican land grants to his holdings, Sutter may have hoped it would soon be American territory. Hastings also wanted to bring Americans to California. He had boasted to Jim Clyman, the old mountain man, that he hoped to set up an independent republic in California, patterned after that of the Lone Star State of Texas. However, a flamboyant young army officer, John Charles Fremont, would soon beat him to it.

Fremont is another question mark in history. He was married to the only daughter of the rabidly expansionist senator from Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton. With the help of his influential father-in-law, Fremont had wangled orders from the War Department to go on an exploring and mapping expedition of the Far West, first in 1842 as far as South Pass, then again in 1843 past the southern end of the Great Salt Lake, making the first winter crossing of the Sierras to arrive at Sutter's Fort in March of 1844. Sutter reprovisioned Fremont's weary men and sent them on their way back East, this time by the easier southern route. In May, 1845, the Secretary of

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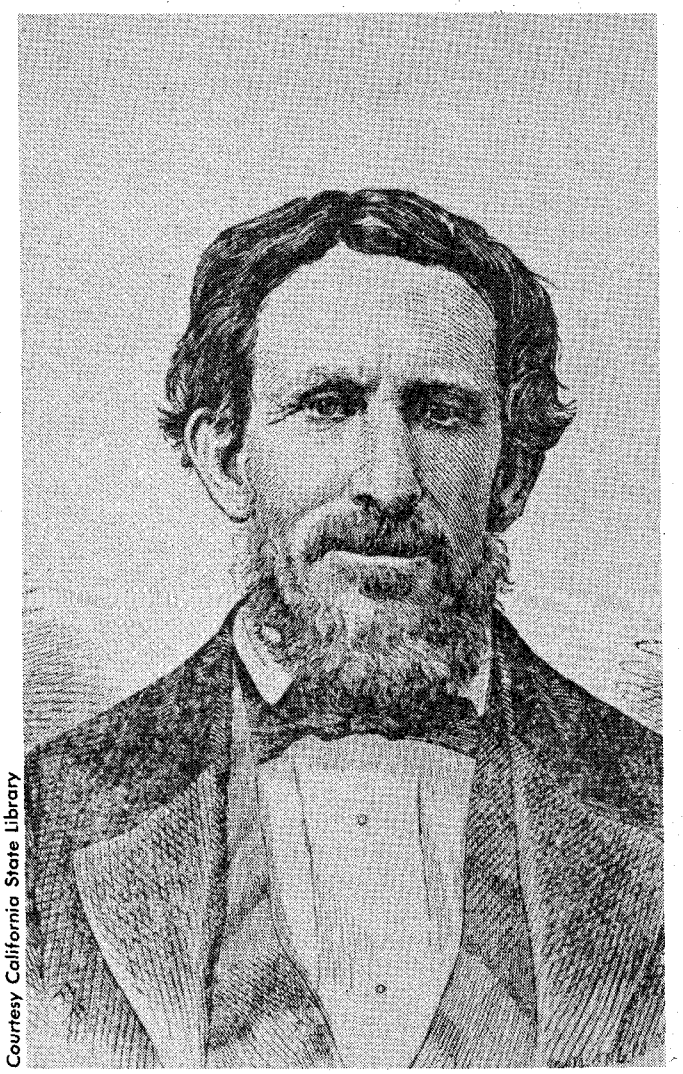
War dispatched Fremont on yet another western journey, this time to find a shorter route to Oregon. Fremont's expedition traveled through the heart of Colorado, then turned west and swung south past the Great Salt Lake, crossed central Nevada, and were over the mighty Sierras in late November.

By now, the Mexican authorities in California were alarmed by the Pathfinder's frequent explorations of their territory. Spurred on by the complaints of an enraged father whose daughter had been insulted by some of Fremont's men, and by accusations from ranchers that their horses had been stolen by the American soldiers, the Mexican officials ordered Fremont to leave the territory. Instead Fremont "holed-up" on Gavilan Peak, defiantly raising the American flag over it. The Mexican General Castro attacked with two hundred men, and Fremont fled towards Oregon. But he was overtaken by a Lieutenant Gillespie who was carrying dispatches from Washington, D.C. (some say with secret orders to stay and hold California for the United States).. Fremont turned back, recruiting as he moved southward. On June 14, 1846, an American, Ezekiel Merritt, led a rag-tag militia to Sonoma where they invaded the fort-home of General Mariano Vallejo and took him prisoner. The exuberant freebooters then improvised a flag, with a pig-like bear

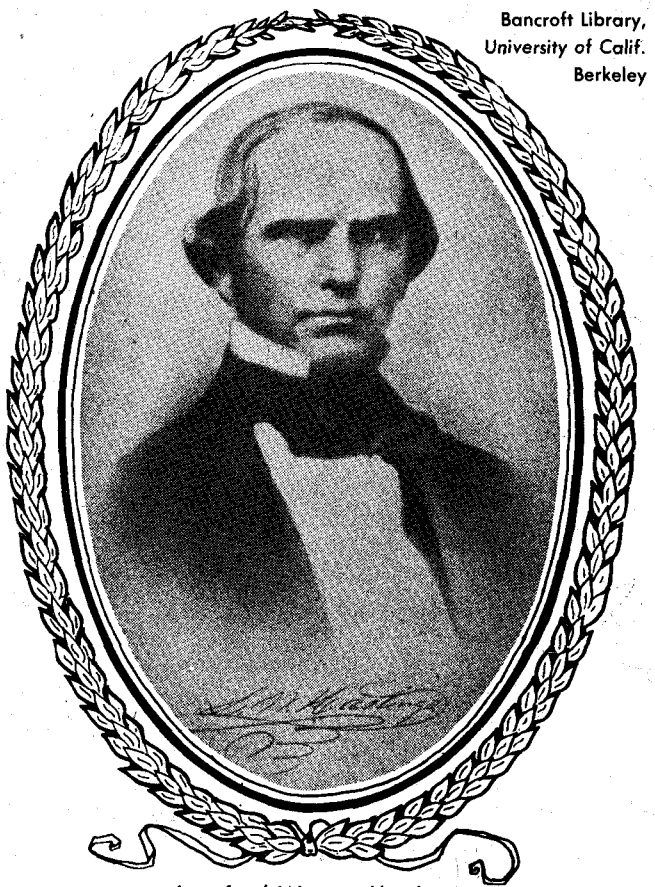


Courtesy California State Library

James F. Reed

and lone star as symbols, and raised it at Sonoma, dubbing their conquest the Bear Flag Republic.

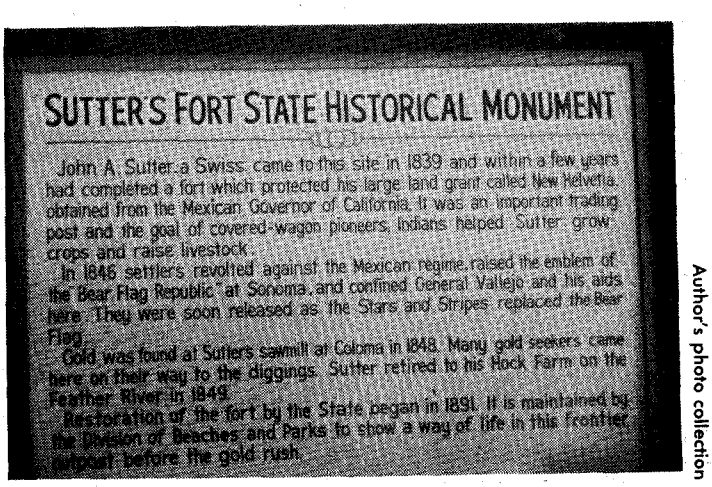
So, even as the emigrants were gathering at Independence, Missouri, that spring of 1846, preparatory



Bancroft Library, University of Calif. Berkeley

Lansford Warren Hastings

to leaving on their trek across the wilderness to the promised land of California, momentous events were about to explode, culminating in the Mexican War. Hastings must have had intimations of this when, in 1845, he published his *Emigrants Guide to Oregon and California,* claiming he had found a shorter route, and more direct, which would leave the old California Trail some two hundred miles east of Fort Hall, go southwest by way of Fort Bridger, swing around the southern end of the Great Salt Lake, then northwest to rejoin the trail on the Humboldt River in northern Nevada. Even Fremont, who should have known better, joined in praising the cutoff as being "better for wagons...a thousand miles (sic) shorter...less mountainous with good pasturage and well - watered," all outright lies and cruel deception. But both Hastings and Fremont were anxious to people the California territory with solid hard - working, voting Americans.


SUTTER'S FORT STATE HISTORICAL MONUMENT
John A. Sutter, a Swiss, came to this site in 1839 and within a few years had completed a fort which protected his large land grant called New Helvetia, obtained from the Mexican Governor of California. It was an important trading post and the goal of covered-wagon pioneers. Indians helped Sutter grow crops and raise livestock.
In 1846 settlers revolted against the Mexican regime, raised the emblem of the Bear Flag Republic at Sonoma, and confined General Vallejo and his aids here. They were soon released as the Stars and Stripes replaced the Bear Flag.
Gold was found at Sutter's sawmill at Coloma in 1848. Many gold seekers came here on their way to the diggings. Sutter retired to his Hock Farm on the Feather River in 1849.
Restoration of the fort by the State began in 1891. It is maintained by the Division of Beaches and Parks to show a way of life in this frontier outpost before the gold rush.

Author's photo collection

Memorial Plaque at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, California.

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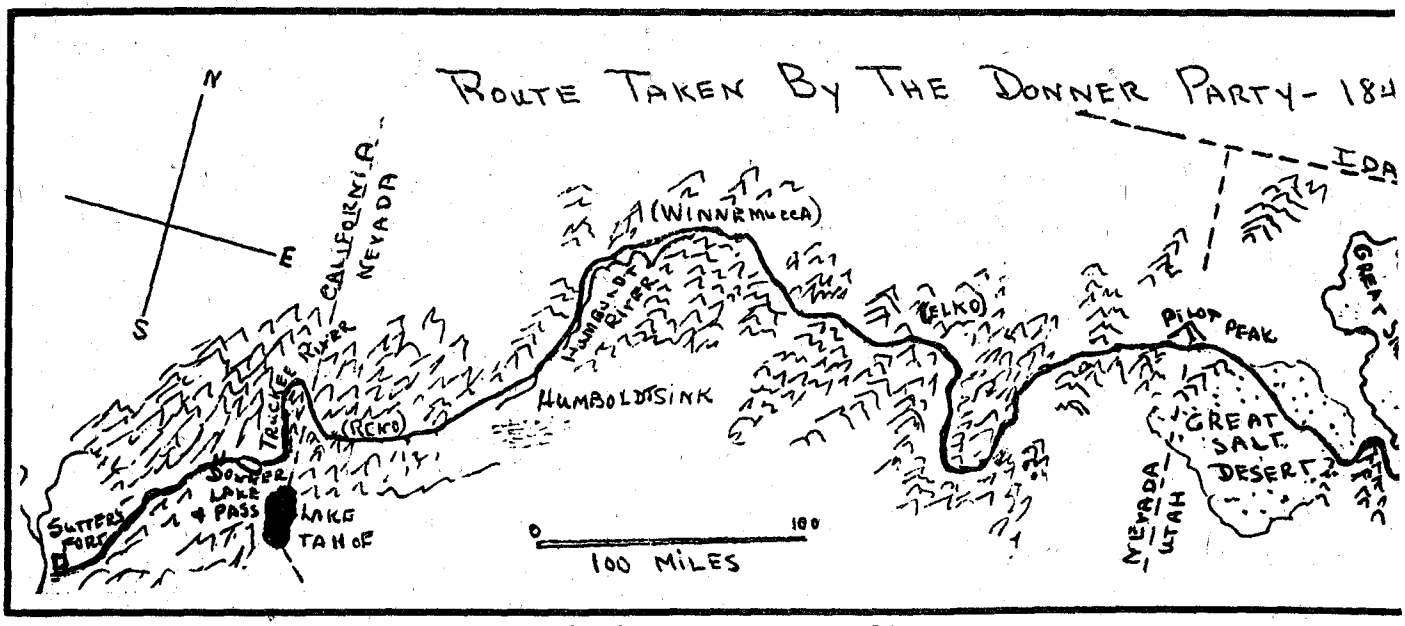

Route taken by the Donner party, 1846.

The huge train rendezvousing at Independence that year expected no difficulties and no trouble with Indians who were intimidated by the size and firepower of the train. The train, including the Donner and Reed families, was ready to leave by May 11 and had in its midst such celebrities as the former governor of Illinois, Lilburn W. Boggs, who had made a name for himself by loosing his state militia on the Mormons in his state. And in the same train was just such a Mormon family, that of Thomas and Elizabeth Rhoads, along with their two grown sons John and Daniel, their families, and assorted children and in-laws. Two writers, Francis Parkman of Boston and Harvard, and Edwin Bryant, diarist, also rode with the train, but they were on horseback and would soon leave the slower wagons far behind. The train was led by a former U.S. Marshal, William Henry Russell, or "Owl" as he was called.

Jacob and George Donner, with their large families, had come from Illinois and were good friends of James Frazier Reed, also of that state. Reed was an unusual man to find on the emigrant trail, being of somewhat aristocratic lineage of Scotch - Polish - Irish descent, a hot - tempered but intelligent man. Formerly a starch and furniture manufacturer, Reed, like the Donners, had been hit hard by the financial depression and bad crops of the previous year and had decided to move West.

After ferrying across the Kansas River, the long train broke up into smaller, more convenient groupings, with ten or twelve wagons and fifteen or twenty men in each, enough to rotate night guard and fend off any marauding Indians. All was good fellowship at first as they rolled over the level grasslands on the well - marked trail, with water and game plentiful. By June sixteenth, they were at the junction of the North and South Platte rivers, and Tamsen Donner, the bright, botanizing wife of George, wrote back to her relatives that they were only "two hundred miles from Fort Laramie" and that their journey had been pleasant so far although "wood is scarce so 'buffalo chips' are used instead," adding that they ate buffalo steaks and tongue twice a day. Then a note of unease crept into her letter when she added that she feared the game would disappear once they got into the drier areas.

The Russell train arrived at Fort Laramie in late June; they rested there and had their loose wagon wheels reset. On the Fourth of July, some visiting Sioux put on a parade, dashing back and forth on their ponies, "gussied-up" in gaudy warpaint and fluttering feathers. Here at the fort, the emigrants met Old Jim Clyman, trapper and mountain man par excellence. Reed and Clyman were old friends, having served together in the Black Hawk War in Illinois, along with a lanky backwoodsman, Abraham Lincoln. Now Clyman warned Reed that Hastings' cutoff was not suitable for oxen and wagons, being a maze of twisting canyons and bush - choked ravines, and the Wasatch Mountains presented a cruel barrier.

The members of the train conferred, Reed and the Donners all for trying the cutoff Hastings had described but never traveled, although he was in the party just ahead, He had left a letter at South Pass, promising to meet them at Fort Bridger and personally guide them. Reed argued that the cut-off was "nigher" and that they were nearly the last train on the trail and would have to hurry if they were to get over the Sierras before snowfall. Clyman shook his head in despair at the innocence of these good people so oblivious to the terrible realities of weather and terrain in the West. It was no use. Some eighty people voted to leave the main train and strike off towards Fort Bridger where they were sure they would find their mentor, Hastings.

When they arrived at old "Gabe" Bridger's trading post, they heard that Hastings had just left. Later rumors said that he had left a letter for the emigrants, warning them away from the Weber Canyon route, but that Bridger's partner, Louis Vasquez, secreted the letter, since both he and Bridger stood to profit by the new cut-off if it brought more travelers past their fort. Vasquez did allow that there was a bad stretch or two ahead of the emigrants, maybe one "dry haul" of a day or so. Nothing to worry about if they stocked up on hay and water before they started across.

So now there were twenty - three wagons heading into the unknown wilderness. The Reeds and Donners each had a huge "palace - wagon" badly overloaded with household furniture and Tamsen Donner's books, clothing, silver, and small hoards of food.

Some stragglers, the family of "Uncle Billy" Graves had joined them, and the total party of eighty - seven

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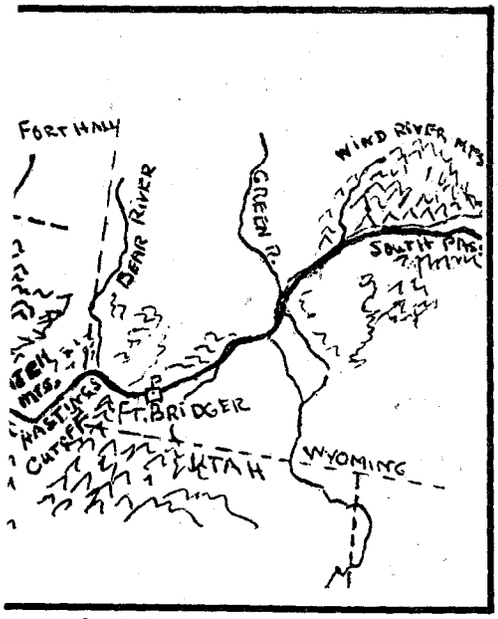


forded the Bear River on the present Wyoming - Utah border in early August and headed into the Wasatch Mountains. Taking the Weber Canyon route, the only pass through the north - south range, they soon had to double and triple - team the oxen to ascend the steep, slippery granite inclines. They used windlasses to lift the wagons over sheer cliffs, chopping a road through the tangled underbrush and bridging the ravines with felled logs. It was slow, back - breaking work, but finally they saw the Great Salt Lake spread out before them. It had taken them twenty - one days to come thirty - six miles. The men were exhausted, the women dispirited. Then came more disappointment.

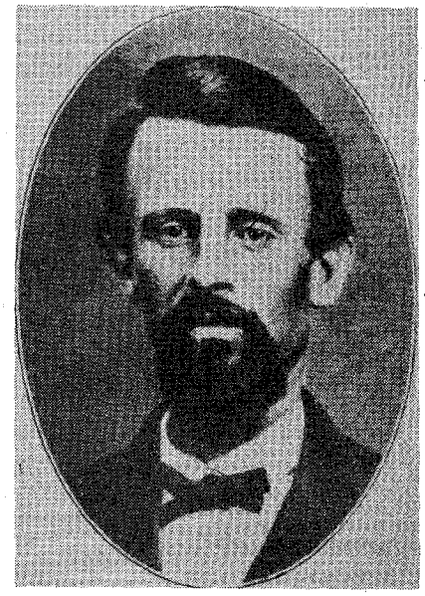
Hastings was nowhere about, but he had left a note telling them to send a man ahead on horseback to catch up with him so he could point out the best route to take. James Reed rode out on his prized mare "Glaucus" and was gone five days. In the meantime, the travelers filled all their water receptacles from the small spring they found, bundled up dry grass for fodder, and gathered driftwood and dry branches to take along as fuel. Finally Reed returned and said Hastings had gone to a high point and pointed westward towards the mountain in the direction to go, but he would do no more. From here on, the emigrants were on their own. Hastings hurried on to California.

After the seizure of Sonoma in central California, Fremont and his forces had occupied the settlement in mid-June, but with the arrival of the U.S. Navy the premature rebellion was all over. Commodore Sloat captured Monterey, the capital, on June 26 and ordered the Bear Flag Republic dissolved, raising instead the Stars and Stripes and making California officially part of the United States. Governor Pio Pico and General Castro fled back to Mexico, and Fremont marched on Los Angeles and took it bloodlessly. Commodore Stockton then appointed Fremont as the military governor of all California, and they both returned to Monterey. But the *Californios* around Los Angeles rebelled and drove out Lieutenant Gillespie and his occupying forces. Fremont gathered up what men he could and returned to southern California, but it was four months before the *Mexicanos* could be subjugated. Finally, in January 1847, they surrendered and the Mexican War in California was over. All this, however, was unknown to the emigrants headed for the new territory. They were having enough troubles of their own as they headed out over the salt flats and alkali sinks of central Nevada. James Reed soon abandoned his cumbersome "palace - wagon," transferring his goods to two lighter wagons. But the Donners were determined to get through with all their wagons and goods intact — even if the Indians did shoot arrows into the stock, driving them off or killing them, and even if others chose to discard or cache their goods and property as many were now doing. The Donners were still wealthy and proud.

After leaving the Salt Lake, the emigrants followed Hastings' trail as it led across a barren valley, then uphill to a brackish spring, the last water they would see for many days. They traveled all that first day and through the night, stopping briefly to rest and feed the oxen, leaving the yokes on their shoulders. By the second day, as they headed northwesterly, the oxen were bawling for water. The sun reflected in dazzling waves off the salt - encrusted plain, with the soft sand sucking at the wagon wheels. A second day and night of travel and they were still in the desert, the purple line of mountains beckoning to them. And the alkali sinks still had to be crossed. Some of the men rode on ahead towards the mountains to find water. On the third morning, some of the oxen refused to get up. The tired travelers were close to despair. The terrible realities of their situation had at last come to them. Later, Eliza Donner Houghton was to write of that time that "Sudden fear of being lost in the trackless mountains almost precipitated a panic ... with difficulty my father (George Donner) and other cool - headed persons kept the excited families from scattering rashly into greater dangers."

As Hastings time after time had failed to make good on his promises, the emigrants grew more and more apprehensive, some in near hysteria. Now on the limitless stretches of north - central Nevada, they spread out in a widening fan so their wagons could find untraveled stretches where the alkali crust had not already been broken. But the wheels constantly broke through the thin crust into the sandy, salty water beneath.

The lighter wagons forged ahead, each family striking off on its own, desperate only to survive. When the oxen refused to go on, the wagons were left where they were, the women and children huddling beside them to wait for their menfolk to bring back water. When Tamsen Donner's children cried for water, she gave them lumps of sugar moistened with peppermint to give the illusion of coolness in the mouth. The Donner and Reed wagons were far behind the others and still far back on the salt flats on the fourth day of travel since leaving the Salt Lake camp. Finally the scouts returned and said there was water ahead at Pilot Peak at the foot of the mountain range, but it was twenty - five miles farther on. James Reed rode ahead on his sturdy mare, giving orders to his teamsters to drive his oxen forward to the water. As he rode, Reed passed the deserted Eddy wagon, and then at nightfall, some thirty miles beyond the place where he had left his wagon and family, he came to the spring. Here he found Will Eddy and the Graveses. Reed rested an hour, then rode back with Eddy to their stranded families. Frenzied cattle rushed past them on



Courtesy California State Library

George Donner, son of Jacob and Elizabeth Donner.

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Courtesy California State Library

Johann Augustus Sutter

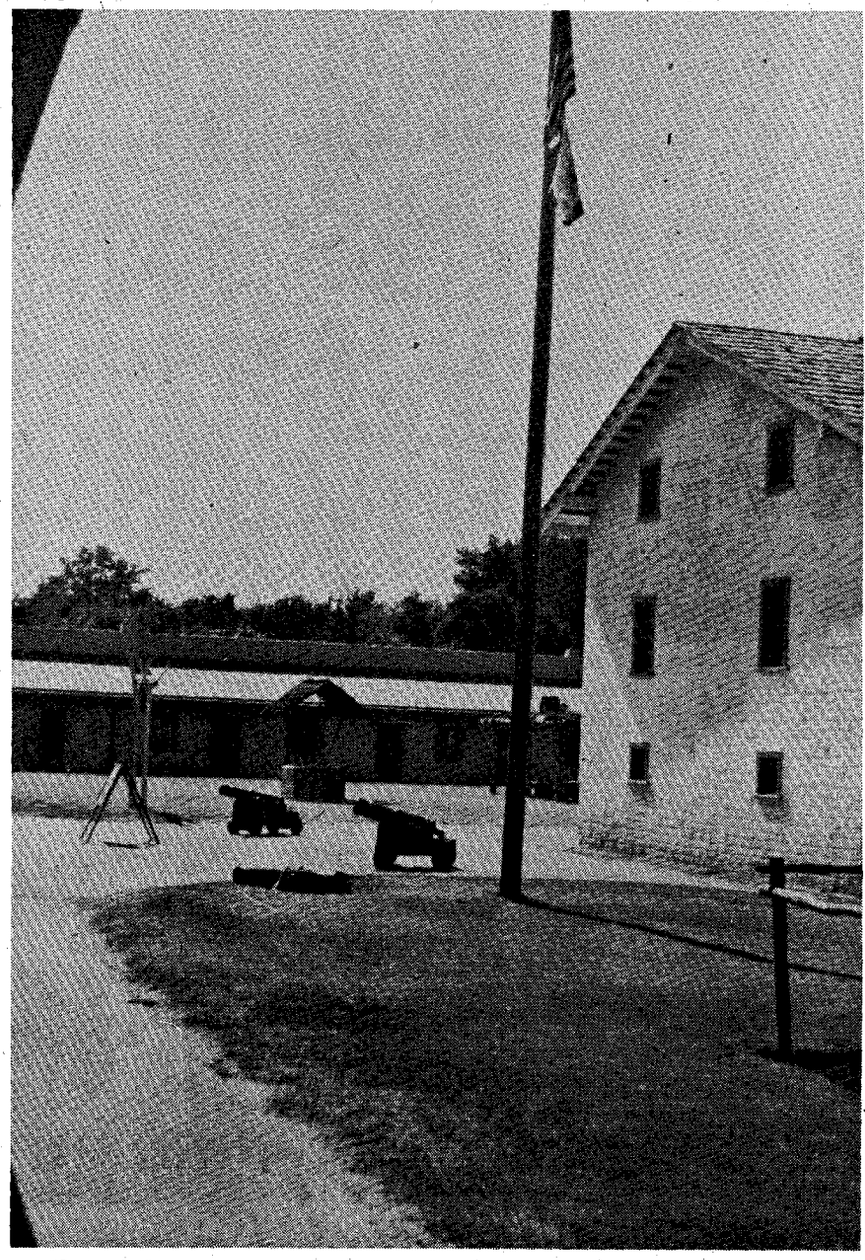
their way to the water, the men stumbling behind, carrying water pails. At midnight, Reed met his own teamster, Milt Elliott, who was driving the Reed stock to the spring.

By the next day, all the wagons had reached the springs, the heavier Donner wagons last of all, and they rested for a day. It had taken six days to cross the desert, instead of one or two, and it was more like a hundred miles than thirty or forty. But now they had no choice but to follow Hastings' wagontracks as he wandered, lost in the wastes of central Nevada. First the trail led southwest, finally west and northwest to meet up with the California Trail on the Humboldt River (then called Mary's River). Only nineteen wagons were left and thirty-six oxen had strayed off or been stolen by the skulking Paiutes. And most ominous of all, a light snowfall covered the canvas wagontops one morning in mid - September. Time was running out.

The emigrants conferred and decided they must send a messenger forward to Sutter's Fort to bring back supplies. A feisty little bachelor, Charlie Stanton, volunteered, and a huge stalwart, Ike McCutchen, married with one child, said he would accompany Stanton. The two men rode off, the wagons lurching on, making fifteen miles a day now as the trail headed due west towards the towering Sierras. Now it was nearly October; the grass was drying up, and in the leaden fall skies the geese were flying southward. The travelers hurried on, scanning the horizon each day in the hope of seeing Stanton and McCutchen returning. Their food supplies were dangerously low; the game had disappeared, and snow flurries reminded them of the lateness of the season. A mass anxiety gripped the people, their tempers frayed from the months of back - breaking labor, and they looked about for a scapegoat, someone they could blame their troubles on, now that Hastings was out of their reach, already in California. The wealthy, imperious James Reed was soon to become that sacrificial goat due to a senseless tragedy.

In the daily struggle for better positions in the line of march, Reed and the Graves' young teamster, John Snyder, got into an argument over the right - of - way. Snyder struck out at Reed with his heavy whipstock, knocking Reed to the ground and leaving a nasty gash on his head. Margaret Reed then stepped between the two men and was herself knocked down by Snyder. Reed then drew his knife and inflicted a serious wound. Snyder died almost immediately. Now repentant of his rash, hasty actions, Reed helped bury the young man and offered to make restitution. But the Graves, whose daughter young Snyder was engaged to, wanted revenge, aided and encouraged by Lewis Keseberg. In a quick decision they decided that Reed should hang. But now Will Eddy and Milt Elliott, the Reeds' teamster, stepped forward to stand beside their friend, James Reed, their rifles loaded and at the ready. The Donner families, who would also have defended Reed, were far ahead on the trail. Now calmer heads prevailed, and it was decided Reed should be banished, with only his horse and no food or weapons, to get

(continued on page 58)



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Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, Calif., a restored state historical monument.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

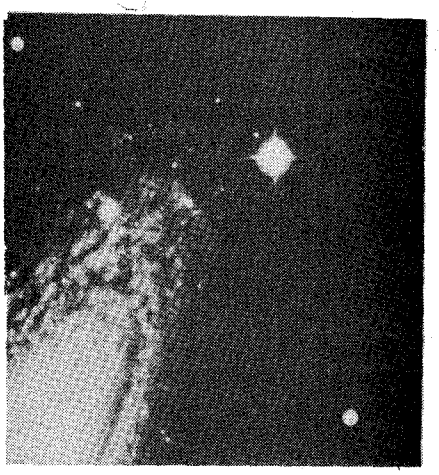
IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for *money, love, healing, protection, and much more!*

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!



Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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- Why this method must work for you
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- You can get rich quickly and easily
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- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
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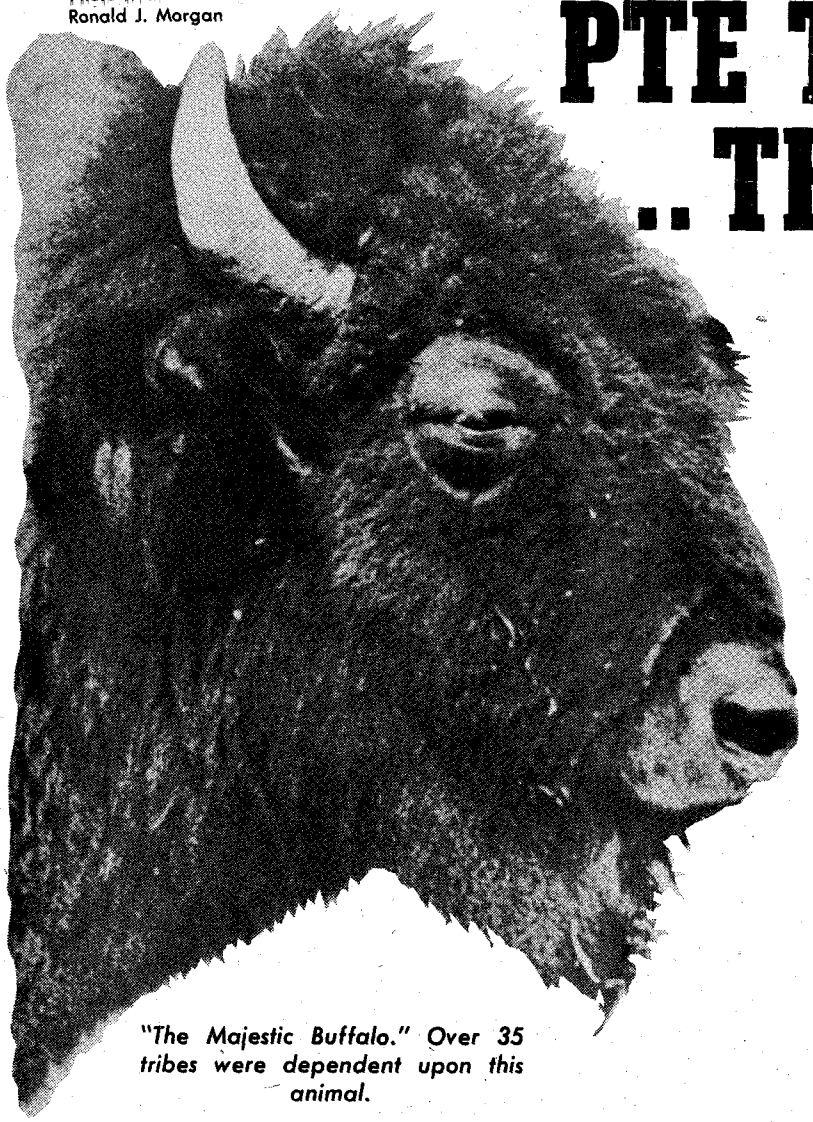
PTE TA TANK-KA ... THE BUFFALO

by Ronald J. Morgan



"The Majestic Buffalo." Over 35 tribes were dependent upon this animal.

"Author's note: My research on this article comes from the old warrior-hunters who actually rode over the prairie in search of the buffalo. I interviewed members of the Sioux, Cheyenne, Apache and Kiowa tribes who hunted or witnessed the fantastic tribal hunts and had firsthand knowledge of life during the pre-reservation days."

••••••••••

The native Americans have roamed the continental United States in search of the bison, or buffalo, for thousands of years. Archaeologists have dated arrowheads as old as 25,000 years. The colorful tribes of the northern plains followed the herds until the early 1890's, when it became impossible for the few remaining buffalo to sustain the various Indian nations. The buffalo hunt was a thrilling event for the entire tribe; among the Dakota (Sioux) it was blessed by the medicine men and was almost certain to be successful.

Old Pawneekiller, a full-blood Oglala Sioux told me about his boyhood days:

"I am known as Pawneekiller; as you know my people were always fighting the Pawnee, Crow and other bad Indians. You have asked me about the old buffalo hunting days; yes friend, I like to talk about them because they were good times and I like to remember them. The hunt was prepared long in advance, with certain hunters in charge. These men were honored members of our Buffalo Society and were chosen to control the eager young men who might ride out ahead of the main party and scare the buffalo away. Those Indian police had the power to physically stop anyone and order them back in place. Everything had to be just right. We rode our special buffalo hunting ponies, who were not afraid of the buffalo or their smell. Some horses went crazy when they smelled a buffalo or bear, and we couldn't train them for our hunts. We would keep such a horse for the war trail and hope he didn't smell buffalo.

"Our people used the buffalo for everything. We ate the meat, used the hides for our tipi covers, and made things from the ribs and other things."

Pawneekiller continued to explain how his people used the ribs of the buffalo to make a cage built on two poles, used to hold small children and dogs during the days when his whole tribe was forced to move in search of better hunting grounds. One end of each pole was tied around the neck of his horse, and the other end was permitted to drag the ground. In the middle of this simple but effective contraption, the rib cage was built.

From the hoof of the buffalo, the Indians made a form of glue used to fasten their feathers on an arrow. The skull was used in several sacred ceremonies; the hides were used as clothes and traded to white men for coffee. Virtually nothing was wasted; even the tail was saved to be used as a whip or tipi decoration.

The Kiowa and Comanche Indians of the southern plains hunted the buffalo much like their northern brothers. Often during a hunt they encountered a band of Pawnee or Tonkawa, and a battle followed with heavy losses on both sides. During the course of the battle and the shooting, the buffalo would often stampede onto the prairie and the Indians would go hungry. The wilder Comanches would eat almost anything, but their allies, the Kiowas, had taboos on a number of foods, including bear, fish and certain fowls. An old Kiowa named Cahoe told me of his people:

"My father and his father before him earned many honors in the old ways. Our people use to travel many, many miles on the war trail and gather horses and captives. When we went on our big buffalo hunts, we asked our old friends the Comanches to join us. Our two tribes were very close, we dance together and hunt and fight; they are a very brave people, but sometimes were quick to fight, and not think things out. Our hunts were organized; we were determined to kill enough meat for our people. Our women went with us on the hunts, and after a few cows were killed, they would skin them and cut up the meat for packing. Sometimes we would cut out the livers and eat them raw; I can almost taste it now."

Cahoe stated that the Kiowas also

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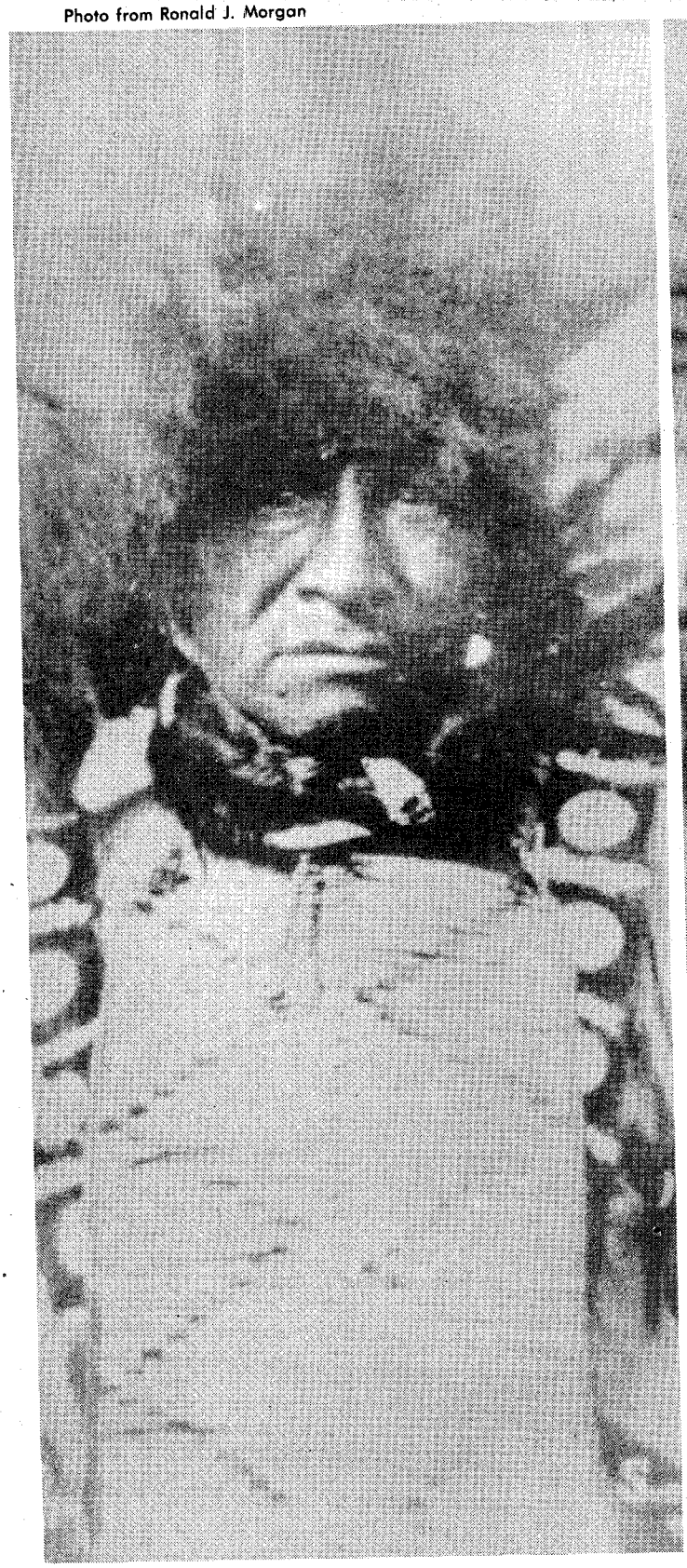

Sioux medicine man, wearing buffalo headdress.

An aged Rosebud Sioux shows his bow and arrows. Old hunters like this Indian enjoyed their annual buffalo hunts.

made little cakes of buffalo meat, mixed with wild cherries and buffalo fat; these were eaten on route to the buffalo hunting grounds. He continued to explain that all Kiowa hunters killed enough meat for needy women and children who remained at home, and his people thought very little of other Indian tribes who forgot the less fortunate.

The Apaches of the Southwest were not traditional buffalo hunters, except for the Jicarilla band. The Mescalero, Warm Spring, Chiricahua and other Apache bands did hunt buffalo occasionally because they, too, like the Kiowa, had taboos on eating bear and fish. The Jicarilla were not like their Apache brothers who hunted buffalo; they wore feather headdresses and used many beads on their clothing. They lived much like the western tribes in Oklahoma, such as the Kiowa or Southern Cheyenne. The Jicarilla also

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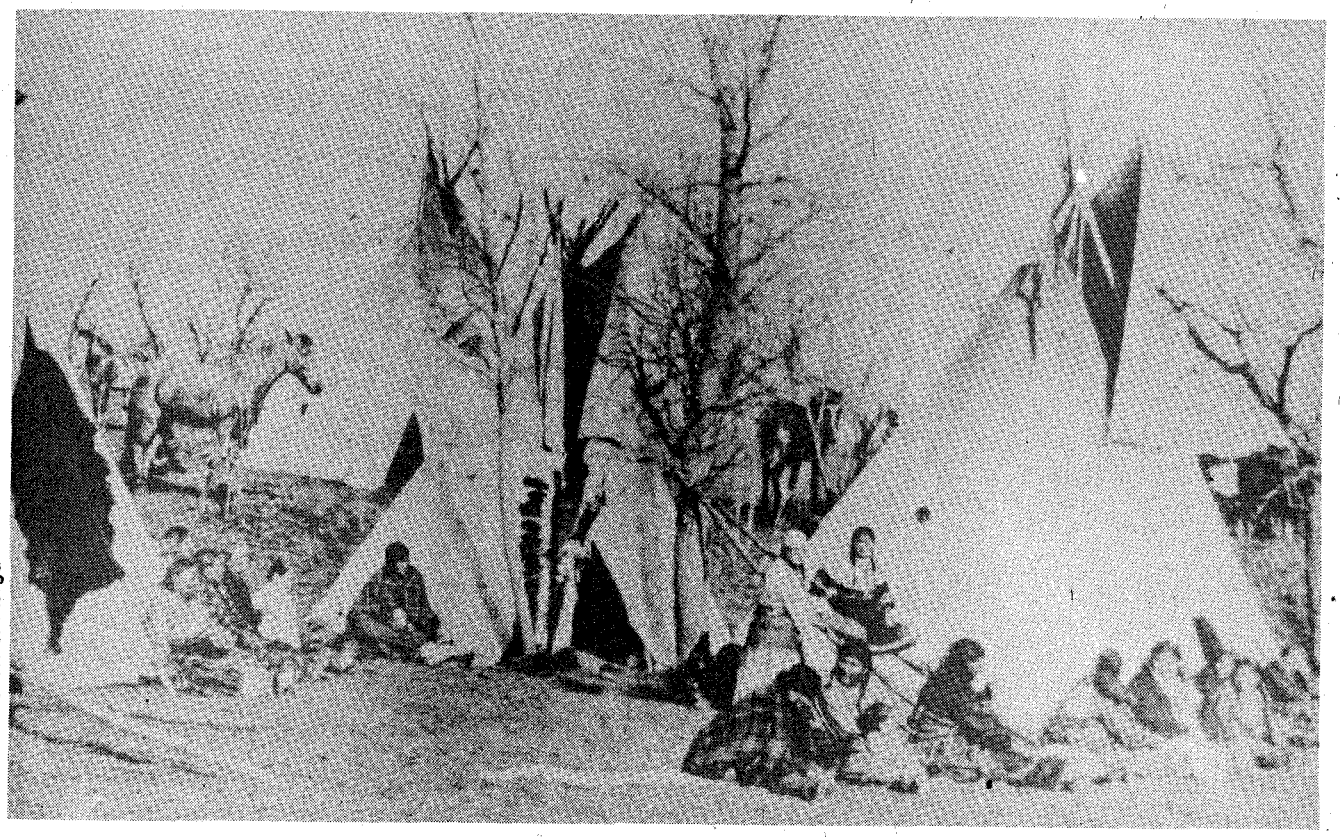


Photo from Ronald J. Morgan

In an Indian camp. Between 12 and 22 hides were needed for each tipi cover.

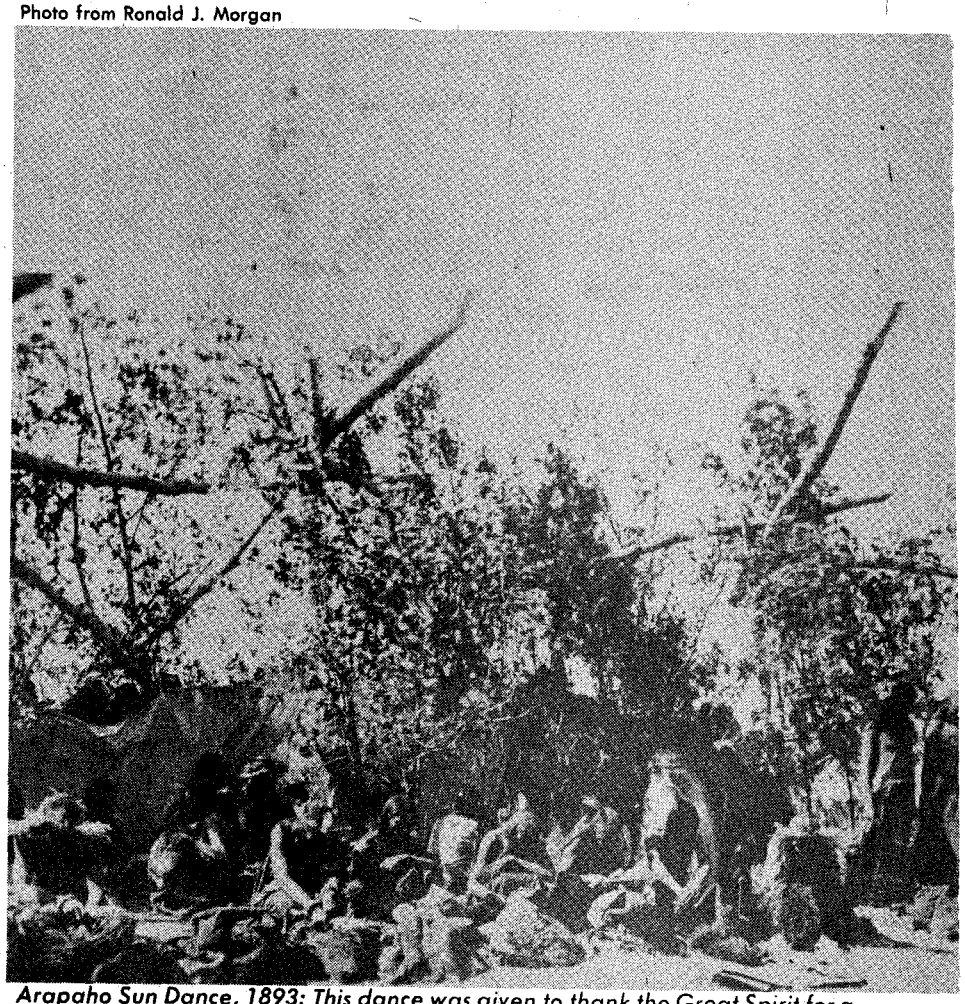
lived in buffalo covered tipis, while other Apaches lived in grass covered wickiups, wore few feathers, and didn't care much for heavily beaded clothes.

With the white population expanding westward, the buffalo diminished in numbers rapidly. The coming of the railroad through Indian lands caused countless thousands of the shaggies to be slaughtered. Men like Buffalo Bill Cody and Mat Clarkson killed the meat for the railroad crews or to impress some royal dignitary. White buffalo hunters shot the buffaloes for meat, hides and tongue; Eastern restaurants begged for buffalo tongues, and the hunters were glad to oblige them, taking just the tongue and letting the great beast lie on the prairie to rot. A full-sized bull hide was worth about $3.00; dealers in Dodge City had them stacked up by the hundreds and were asking the hunters to bring in as many more as possible.

By the mid-1880's buffalo hunters were forced to look for other kinds of work; even the Indians had difficulty getting hides and had to use canvas-covered tipis.

The prairies were covered with the bleached bones of the buffalo, and the former hunters returned with wagons instead of guns. Eastern concerns were buying the bones and crushing them to be used as fertilizer. The bones sold for $7.50 per ton. By 1890 the bones were gone from the prairie, and American settlers witnessed the end of an era!

Photo from Ronald J. Morgan



Arapaho Sun Dance, 1893: This dance was given to thank the Great Spirit for a successful hunt or war venture. Notice that each man has a buffalo robe in front of him. Most of the Plains Tribes had several sacred ceremonies concerning the buffalo.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Scalping, while a rather gruesome subject, seems to be of interest to many of our readers. In the early days, according to our research, the Iroquois were about the only Indian tribe to engage in this practice. It was not common, at that time, with any of the New England or Atlantic Coast tribes. It was unknown to the Plains tribes and those of California. Unfortunately for white pride, it seems that the practice of taking scalps was a direct result of the early colonies of England, France, Spain and Holland. They would encourage the killing of their enemies by offering bounties. Since it was much easier to carry back a scalp than a whole body in order to collect the bounty, scalping became, in this regard, practical. The scalp was usually out from the back crown of the head (the part where the hair seems to grow in a circle). This was often done while the victim was still alive. The scalps were braided and knotted, and sometimes dyed different colors to indicate the status of the victim: certain colors for soldiers, settlers, Indians, women, etc. Payment was made according to the amount of danger estimated to secure such trophy. As the colonies spread and clashes ensued, scalping spread.

Q. Can you tell me something about the Chichimec Indians? V. Bohr, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
A. The Chichimecs were native to northern-eastern Mexico. They were a very warlike tribe, expert with the bow and arrow. During the entire Spanish colonial period they were very aggressive and a thorn in the sides of the Spaniards.

Q. Of what tribe was the chief, Pontiac? Did an Indian sweetheart of the fort commandant betray Pontiac's plan? L. Keille, Oakland, Cal.
A. Pontiac was a member of the Ottawa tribe. His plan, to enter with a number of warriors with sawed-off rifles concealed under their blankets, was certainly betrayed, and a dubious myth says it was by an Indian sweetheart of the commandant, but we really don't know.

Q. Was there really a Johnny Appleseed? Do you have any facts on him? B. Levine, Scranton, Pa.
A. Yes, there really was. He was born John Chapman in 1774 in Leominster, Massachusetts. He came West in 1801. For forty years he wandered the country with a deerhide sack of apple seeds over his shoulder, planting apple trees and preaching the oneness of all things, the kinship of all men, and the nearness of God. He died in the spring of 1845 and was buried, fittingly enough, under a budding apple tree.

Q. How did Mike Fink, the famous Ohio boatman, die? A. Shugrue, Pierre, S.D.
A. Mike was reputed to be a crack shot and used to delight, for money, in shooting a tin cup off the head of a friend. He was quite successful for years until his last wager. At that time he was a little too full of alcohol, and his bullet went through the head of the trusting friend, killing him. The unfortunate friend also had a friend who, taking umbrage at Mike, shot and killed him.

Q. There's a poem about the West that has been running through my head and I can't identify it. One line is "For there's where the beefsteak grows". Can you help me? F. Cooper, Aurora, Colo.
A. The entire rhyme is as follows:

Give me the plains
Where it seldom rains
And the wind forever blows;
It is there I would be
Though there's never a tree
And the farther you look
The less you see
For there's where the beefsteak grows.

It was written by Edward Dale to decorate the beginning of each chapter of his excellent book *Cow Country*, published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1942, 1943, 1945 and 1965.

Q. I was reading a book on the West that mentioned the trouble the Texas drovers had with Kansas cattle men because of "Texas fever." Exactly what is Texas fever? E. Cinq Mars, Duluth, Minn.
A. Texas Fever (sometimes called Spanish Fever) was a splenic fever caused in cattle by ticks. It infested the southern cattle, but they, in effect, were merely carriers. When they came into contact with the northern (Kansas) cattle, the northern beasts sickened and died, causing the Kansas settlers to take a very dim view of Texas cattle going through their territory on their northbound drives. The prevalence of this sickness had a great deal to do with the ending of the great trail drives.

Q. What was the actual make-up of a trail drive? V. Gould, Gretna, La.
A. After trial and error, it was found that a herd of 2,500 was just about right for a drive. A herd this size required a trail boss, nine cowboys, a horse wrangler, and a cook. A herd this size moved in a column about a mile in length. The trail boss rode ahead. Next, at the tip of the moving column rode two men, one on each side, called the "point." A third of a mile back rode two more men, one on each side, called the "swing." A third of a mile still farther back were two more men, one on each side, called the "flank." In the rear, three men brought up in what was called the "drag." The horse wrangler accompanied his band of horses, usually five or six for each man. The cook, driving the chuck wagon, followed the herd in the morning and preceded it in the afternoon.

Q. Did Baron Richthofen, the famous German air ace, own a ranch in the West? L. Kornfeld, Mankato, Minn.
A. The Baron Richthofen you evidently read about was the grandfather of the famous Red Baron of World War I. ● **RW**

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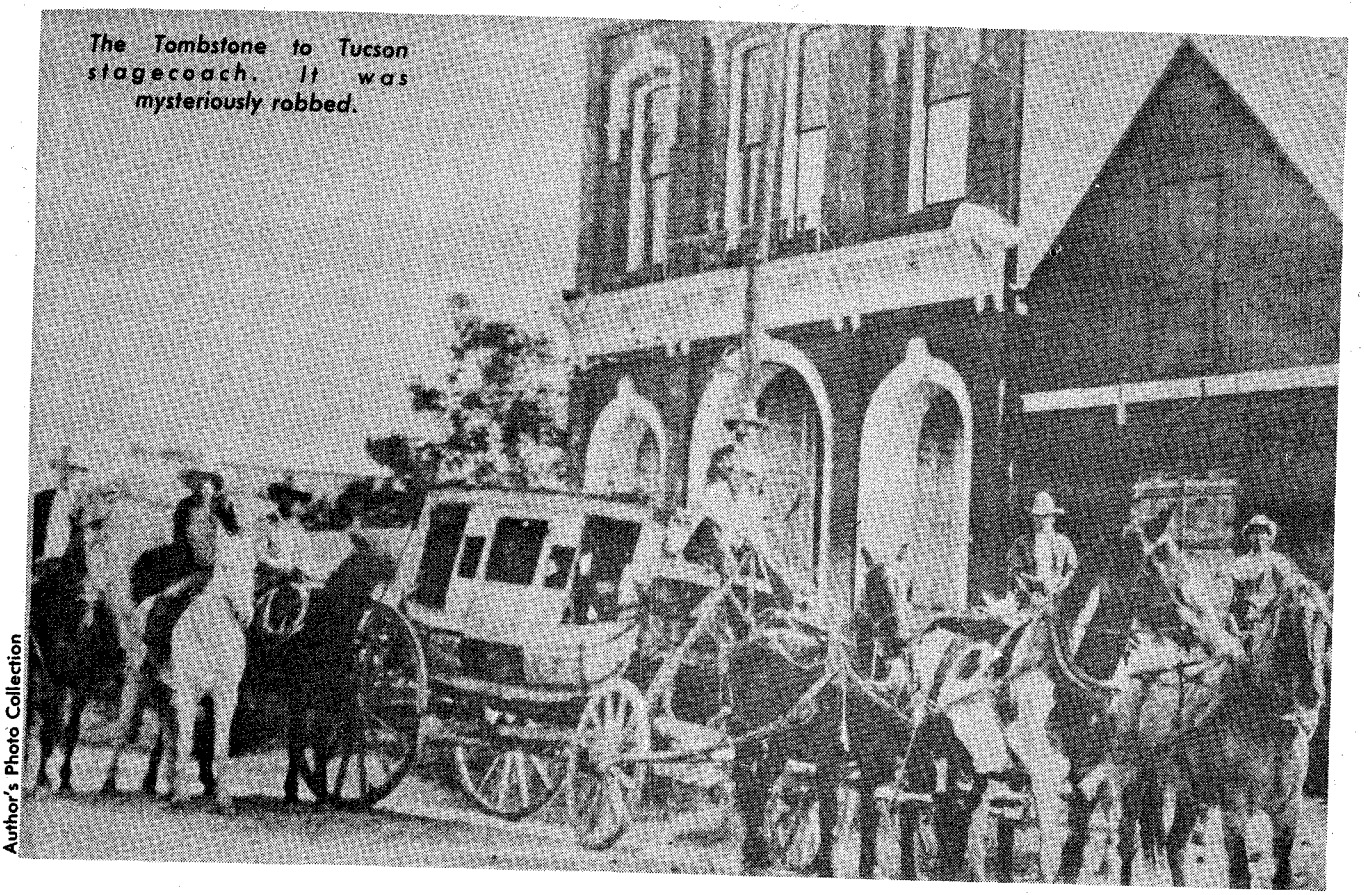

The Tombstone to Tucson stagecoach. It was mysteriously robbed.

Author's Photo Collection

KILLER WHETSTONE BLACKY

by Maurice Kildare

In the mining camp of Tombstone, Arizona Territory, there was a man known by no name except Whetstone Blacky. He killed whenever he felt like it, and that was often. His guns took the lives of innocent victims without warning.

The unknown man stepped into blue-dark night from the adobe and picket-post saloon, meeting a hulking burly hardcase face to face.

"You got too much loose money to be packing around," charged the accoster, forthwith shooting him dead with two bullets through the chest.

Emptying the dead man's pockets of money, he strolled past several men who heard the shots and turned to watch. In the silver camp of Tombstone, Arizona Territory, September 1877, no one interfered with even cold-blooded killers. The deceased was simply unfortunate.

Right behind Ed Schieffelin's discovery of the earth filled with silver, men from all over the west and some foreign countries poured in. Soon nearly a hundred buildings, mostly adobe and timber shacks, and some tents lined the dirt roads that would become Toughnut and Fremont streets.

The only law in Tombstone at first was that packed in a leather holster. The nearest federal and county officers were 69 miles west at Tucson, safely distant from Geronimo's raiding Apaches.

The killer strode brazenly on up the road, swinging inside a canvas-roofed saloon. At the warped plank bar he drank rotten whiskey freely, drawn from a wooden barrel.

After filling up he went over to a monte table. For awhile he won, until the dealer decided he was too drunk to detect his cheating. In fact, the killer was down to his last gold piece before the truth seeped through his whiskey-clogged brain.

Standing up abruptly, pale blue but piercing eyes under bushy brows steadied on the monte dealer's face.

"So you're a little smooth switching the layout, hey?" he spoke ominously. "You ever been told what happens to crooks like you? This!"

Faster than the eye could follow, he drew and crashed a bullet through the monte dealer's head. As the lifeless body sprawled sideways out of the chair, he scooped up all the money on the table, stuffing it into his pockets.

Outside on the road, a series of gunshots smashed the sultry night. Little attention was paid to the one inside ex-

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cept for the witnesses close to the table.

The killer pushed his way through to the road where two men were trying to shoot each other from opposite sides. As he drew to a halt, a hot stray bullet whined close to his floppy hat.

"So somebody wants to get salivated!" he shouted, unlimbering his six-gun again.

Shooting dead the man ten feet away, he directed the second bullet at powder stabs across the road. A man squalled loud and painfully in the night before collapsing in his tracks.

A customer in the saloon, a disbarred lawyer from El Paso, Texas, sauntered to the bar when the gunfire ceased.

Ordering from the drink dispenser he asked, "Who was the callous killer just went out of here?"

"All I know about him is he's called Whetstone Blacky. Already got fourteen notches on his gun handle. If you're thinking of tackling him, better try some one else."

"No, no, just curious," the lawyer replied hastily.

A native of Texas, Henry Black was not a prospector or miner. An outlaw from other parts unknown, he hid out in the Whetstone Mountains west of Tombstone silver camp. Because he did, the denizens of the place called him Whetstone Blacky.

There wasn't much known about him, only his evil doings in Tombstone before his bloody career was cut short by a hangman's rope.

On the upper end of the road through the heat-seared hills stood the patchwork saloons and gambling joints. On the rotten lower part were the bordellos and Mexican *jacals*. In between stood the merchants' stands and eating counters posing as restaurants. The largest and most presentable had been put in by two Chinese who came over from Tombstone.

Whetstone Blacky spent the night in drunken stupor somewhere outside the camp. The next morning, which was Sunday, he showed up, tying his saddled horse to a shrub behind the Chinese restaurant. It occupied a building constructed much like a large *jacal*. The walls were of cactus ribs and poles. Over the top was planking in turn covered by tar paper.

Author's Photo Collection

Ed Schieffelin. His discovery boomed a silver camp.

Stalking through the kitchen in the rear, Whetstone Blacky took a stool at the unplaned, boxing plank counter.

"Gimme the biggest meal you got in the joint!" he yelled at the kitchen.

Presently a long metal platter was placed before him, then a cup of black tea. Whetstone Blacky stared at what was actually chop suey, nothing more than the garbage that the name meant.

Author's Photo Collection

Main street in Tombstone, 1878.

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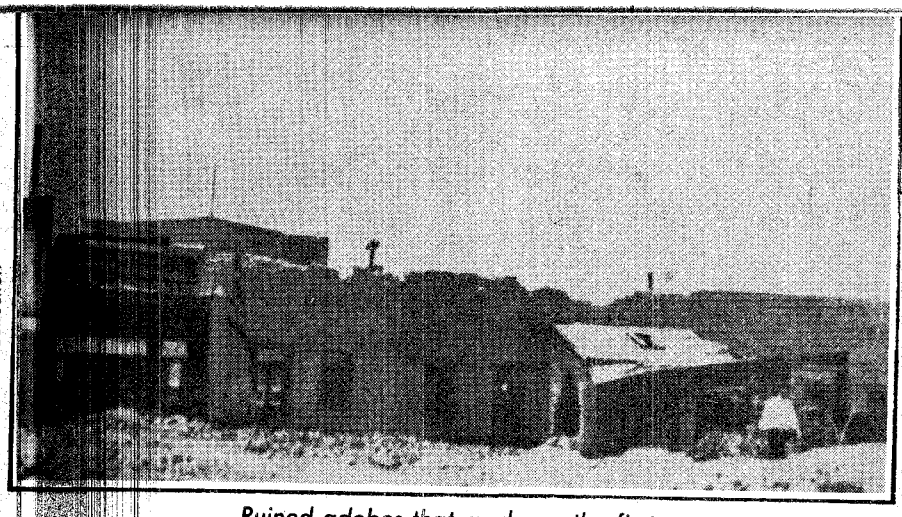

Author's Photo Collection

Ruined adobes that made up the first camp.

"This putrid stuff looks like some drunk puked in here last night, you yaller heathen!" he squalled and forthwith plastered the platter contents in the face of the hapless Chinese.

Striding out angrily, he went on up the street. In a Mexican joint he ate boiled beef still tough, and doused it with red pepper to a burning consistency. But satisfied, he proceeded to the nearest saloon.

There he quaffed another large batch of redeye and bought two gallon jugs of tabacco and cinnamon-heated whiskey, for $25 each. At about eleven o'clock he was tying the jugs on his saddle in sacks when singing voices echoed from below the hill.

Mounting, he rode down to a dilapidated adobe not yet fully roofed. A recently arrived Methodist missionary was holding one of the first religious services in the camp.

Staggering into the doorless opening, he leaned against the inside wall, listening to two hymns before the preacher began beating the devil around the stump. The congregation consisted of about twenty men and five women who probably came from the cribs.

Quickly tiring of listening to the preaching, Whetstone Blacky strode towards the bare lectern of split timbers. His approach caused the preacher to halt with some apprehension.

"I'm a bad, bad boy, padre!" Whetstone Blacky cried loudly. "But I aim to repent." He tossed a gold double eagle onto the lectern. "Now, I'm going to be a good, good boy!" and he departed, howling in his laughter.

Whetstone Blacky showed up in camp about every two weeks. What he did up in the mountains other than hiding out created considerable speculation. On one visit he brought in two buckskin pouches of gold which was sold to an assayer.

Some declared that he undoubtedly murdered the original possessor. Others imagined he might be working a rich placer mine, but they were too scared to try tracking him to it.

A Syrian peddler named Nackard arrived in camp on the Tucson stage. His packs contained needles, thread, thimbles, small mirrors, ribbons, men's neckties, garters, suspenders and such small articles. His prices for these items were outrageous, but so was the cost of everything else in camp.

He had a pack spread out, displaying his merchandise next to the road between a saloon and bordello, when Whetstone Blacky arrived from his mountain lair.

Walking up, he halted curiously. Examining a mirror three inches in diameter, he asked the price. He was staring at his reflected hairy face when told it was three dollars.

"Why you thieving peddler!" Whetstone Blacky gasped in anguish. "It ain't worth more than a dollar and it's all you'll get."

Dropping the silver dollar, he started away. The peddler began protesting and shouting, "Robber! Robber!"

"Shut up, you gawddamned camel driver!" Whetstone Blacky cried, wheeling around. He sent two bullets whistling past the head of the peddler who always believed the killer was actually trying to hit him.

When he shot to kill, Whetstone Blacky did not miss.

On this occasion he got along fine in camp until near dawn. Drunk, he entered a bordello run by Big Butt Lilly. Locally brewed beer, the home barrel kind, sold for $2.50 a quart bottle. Vile stuff, he had some and bought a round for the men present while the girls were patronizing customers.

Spending considerable time monopolizing Lilly, he started to leave. She grabbed his coat tails and held on, demanding remuneration for her society.

"Shut up," he told her. "I done spent enough money in this crummy joint!"

She went into a screaming act, cursing him loudly. Turning, unable to break loose, he smacked her hard in the face. She went down and out.

Three men present leaped to their feet, making for him. Whetstone Blacky, chortling gleefully, jerked his six-gun a little faster than they could. Two fell dead from hot lead. The third was wounded, along with a bystander.

Whetstone Blacky was by no means the only killer in camp. There were a score of others who occasionally shot someone to death. There were also many more hardcases making trouble. But this wanton act by Whetstone Blacky brought a demand by businessmen and a committee of miners that a Pima County station deputy sheriff or a deputy U.S. marshal be appointed to take care of such ilk.

Outlaw gangs like that of Curly Bill, the Clantons and the McLowreys had established themselves in the San Pedro Valley around Charleston and Galeyville. They started invading the camp, often hoorawing it.

A deputy U.S. marshal was promised. Immediately a deputy sheriff was appointed. He didn't last long, nor did the next three. Shots were taken at their silver badges which could be seen in the dark despite lack of the street lights yet to come. Only two went elsewhere, with their going unannounced before being killed.

Many of the prospectors were from Montana and California where vigilante organizations had been notorious. But they did get rid of killer - outlaw - robbers in the goldfields very definitely. There was talk in the camp of organizing a vigilance committe and court, but nothing came of it right away.

In late November and into December snow storms were the usual. Only a few inches fell in the camp, but the Whetstone Mountain trails were blocked.

Perhaps the deep snow on the heights kept Whetstone Blacky out of camp until the middle of December. He appeared with a pack horse, declaring it was too cold for him up there. The winter would be spent in civilization. Renting a Mexican's adobe on the flat, he bought grain and hay to feed his two horses.

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He sold some more raw gold, but he also had an unusually large supply of gold coin. Some men began speculating that when not carousing in camp he could be a stagecoach or bank robber. But few questions were ever asked by the many come - and - go inhabitants.

On December 20 a lone, masked bandit held up and robbed the Tombstone - Tucson stage. About ten miles west it was crossing a wide, sandy wash. The teams were slowed of necessity. The bandit raised up over brush on the right, a double - barreled shotgun levelled.

"Toss off the box and them sacks under your feet," he ordered the driver and guard. "Get funny and you'll find out what these barrels of buckshot feel like, tearing into your crummy hides!"

The stage was caught completely flat - footed. If resisting, the driver and guard would be blasted into eternity. They obeyed the order and drove on when told to. The passengers were not molested.

Down the road the stage met three riders enroute to the silver camp. Told of what happened, they raced towards the scene. But when they reached the site, it was to find the iron box in the brush, smashed open. The two sacks of mail which also contained small shipments of valuables had been carried off.

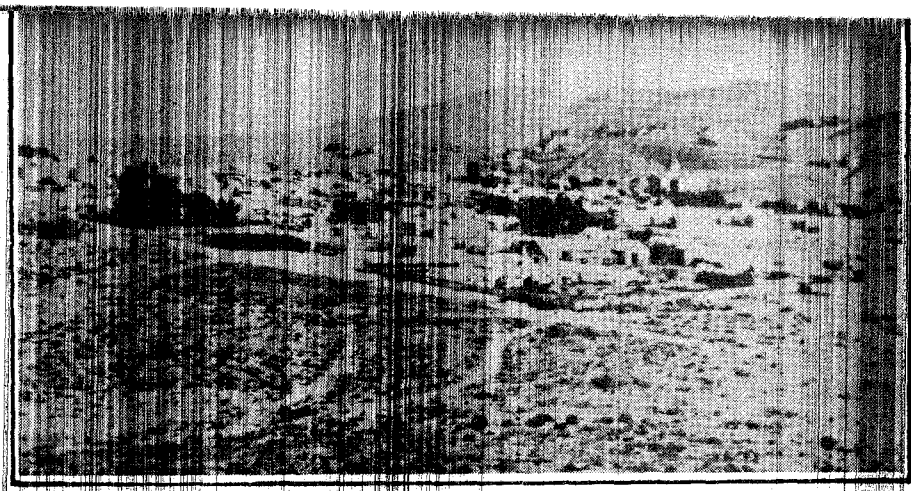
The robber made a quick getaway, so the riders went on into the camp to report the holdup. A posse of volunteer citizens formed and went out immediately.

Ground sign revealed that the lone robber had ridden back into the road, turning west. The three riders had actually come over his sign, wiping it out.

The posse figured the robber made the jaunt west in order to throw trackers off. It would be useless wasting time trying to find where he turned back towards the camp, so they gave up further investigation at sundown.

The merchants and saloon men were very indignant. Periodically they dispatched their money to a Tucson bank. The robber must have learned somehow this was the day of their shipment, and he obtained more than $40,000.

Even before the posse returned to town, Whetstone Blacky was rumored to have been the robber. Curiously, there existed no evidence to justify the accusation. But no one could recall seeing him in any joint along the road that day. If he had been around, certainly the burly killer would have made his presence very conspicuous as usual.



Author's Photo Collection

The silver camp boomed into becoming Tombstone City.

The following day was Sunday and Whetstone Blacky, recovering from what appeared to be a protracted drunk and meaner than ever, appeared in the saloons. He tried to start two shoot-out fights. No one blamed the intended victims for running away.

Near noon he wandered to the Methodist church and listened to the singing. When it ended he strode to the lectern and tossed down several gold coins.

"I have been a bad, bad boy, padre!" he declared ringingly. "Now I'm going to be a good, good boy!"

Again he departed, laughing uproariously as if he had pulled a very smart joke.

When the driver and guard of the robbed stage returned to the camp, they did some considerably cautious whispering. The driver claimed that despite the mask he was sure the robber was no less than Whetstone Blacky. The guard swore the voice was his. He had heard it too many times to be mistaken.

An express company agent and a deputy sheriff arrived to investigate the crime, and uncovered nothing.

The heavy - losing saloon men hired a spy to watch Whetstone Blacky around the clock. He must have the loot buried, handy to reach, yet he did no more than get drunk every night and stagger to the adobe with the rising sun.

A second deputy sheriff, Charles Shibbel, who became county sheriff in 1880, was tougher than the first one. Arriving in the camp, he did nothing but saunter around for a couple of days, listening. Then he talked to Whetstone Blacky, suggesting he might like to explain who he was and what he did for a living.

"You law boys looking for gun trouble?" Whetstone Blacky asked in a charged voice.

Shibbel did not pursue the subject but kept a watch on the suspect.

Growing rapidly with an influx of people and mines and more businesses, the camp experienced growing pains. Demands were made for a town government and a country of their own cut out of Pima. The hardcases made trouble all the time. Men were found clubbed, shot and knifed to death. No known motive existed other than robbery.

Men, unwisely displaying large sums of money in public places, often ended up dead in an alley or in the rocks beside the road.

In two instances men spying on Whetstone Blacky lost him after he entered a saloon or another dive of low repute. An hour later, when relocated drinking in some saloon, a well - heeled man was shortly found shot through the head. The body had been robbed, of course.

In disgust, the watchers were pulled off.

Two days after New Years, 1878, Whetstone Blacky wrecked the bordello presided over by Bulldog Patty.

She was an enormous woman, not fat but really huge of frame, standing six feet, three inches tall. Her arms and legs were corded with muscles. Her head was large and some hair grew on her face, noticeably around the mouth. She was more often called Madam Bulldog than Patty. It was her boast that she could keep order in her place by throwing out all drunks and troublemakers. Hardly a night passed that she did not physically handle at least one obstreperous customer.

The night of the big trouble, Whetstone Blacky claimed that his pockets had been picked by one or more of the female inmates. All his money was gone except that in a leather pocket belt around his middle.

When he demanded of one girl, a hefty woman herself, that it be returned, she called him a so - and - so

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Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

BUSTER CRABBE

By Mario A. DeMarco

I guess many of the readers of Western Movie Hall of Fame have often wondered what some of the old movie western stars are doing today — some, like old soldiers, just fade away, while others keep on going in the medium that brought them fame — the movies, stage and television.

One of these energetic old-timers is Larry "Buster" Crabbe, whom I saw recently on television. It was a commercial which showed Larry, still handsome but a little older and grayer, modeling an athletic shirt. On him it looked terrific, because he still has a marvelous physical build at age 66. Seeing Buster again brought back golden memories to me, because I had written a dozen stories about him for different sports magazines when he was breaking all kinds of records in swimming while an Olympic champion.

He was born Clarence Linden Crabbe in Oakland, California on February 7, 1909. How he later became a great swimmer was attributed to the fact that the Crabbe family moved to Honolulu, Hawaii when he was a mere infant. While attending Puna Hou High School, he became a star athlete and won letters in four different sports: baseball, football, track and swimming. He later entered the University of Hawaii and took up in sports where he had left off in high school, adding boxing to his curriculum and winning the light heavyweight boxing championship of the Hawaiian Islands.

While still in his teens he returned to the States and enrolled in the University of Southern California, where fame and fortune would soon come to him. Because of his great prowess as a swimmer he was chosen to become a member of the U. S. Swimming Team in the 1932 Olympics, which were held in Los Angeles. In his first try he won the 400-meter free-style, and a year later he had broken five world's records, winning over 30 national championships in swimming and copping 16 international titles. Competing all over the world, this great swimmer accumulated hundreds of medals and trophies. Because of the records he broke in swimming, he picked up the nickname of "Buster."

In 1933 Paramount Studios took notice of the handsome athlete and gave him a role in a picture which featured Charles Laughton, *Island of Lost Souls*. At this time jungle pictures were popular, so Paramount decided to cast him as the star in *King of the Jungle* ... and from then on it was action and adventure films for this newest star. He made a series of Zane Grey westerns which also featured Randolph Scott and Tom Keene. His first western was in 1933 entitled *To the Last Man*, which also featured Randolph Scott.

His greatest audience emerged when he began appearing in chapter plays — his first was an Independent Serial, which was distributed by Principal Release in 1933 called *Tarzan the Fearless*. Perhaps the highlight of his career was when Universal Pictures hired him from Paramount for the starring role in their greatest chapter play, *Flash Gordon*, and followed it up in a detective serial taken after the popular comic strip, "Red Barry." Before he became famous in these exciting serials, he had established himself as a cowboy star, being named one of the top ten cowboys of the screen in 1936, the same year he was loaned out to Universal. *Flash Gordon* went over so big with his action - loving audience that he starred in three more of these popular serials.

In 1939, in between his *Flash Gordon* serials, he also starred in *Buck Rogers*, another space serial, taken after another established comic strip. By this time, Buster was the undisputed "King of the Serials."

In 1940 he managed to cop the men's professional three - mile swimming event which was held in Los Angeles; he also appeared as the star performer at the New York and San Francisco World Fairs. After this stint as an aquaman performer, he resumed picture making, starring in various westerns for Republic and other studios. In 1941 PRC signed him to star in the Billy the Kid series, which also featured the bewhiskered Al "Fuzzy" St. John, a former Mack Sennett comedian. They worked well as a team, grinding out 42 of these fast - moving action pictures. During this time he also managed to appear in many non-western films as well.

In 1948, when the "B" western was on the decline, Buster switched over to the new medium — television. About that time, TV was showing many of his old films, so when he appeared in his own physical fitness program, he was well established. Nineteen fifty-three was another big year for Crabbe, for he was signed to

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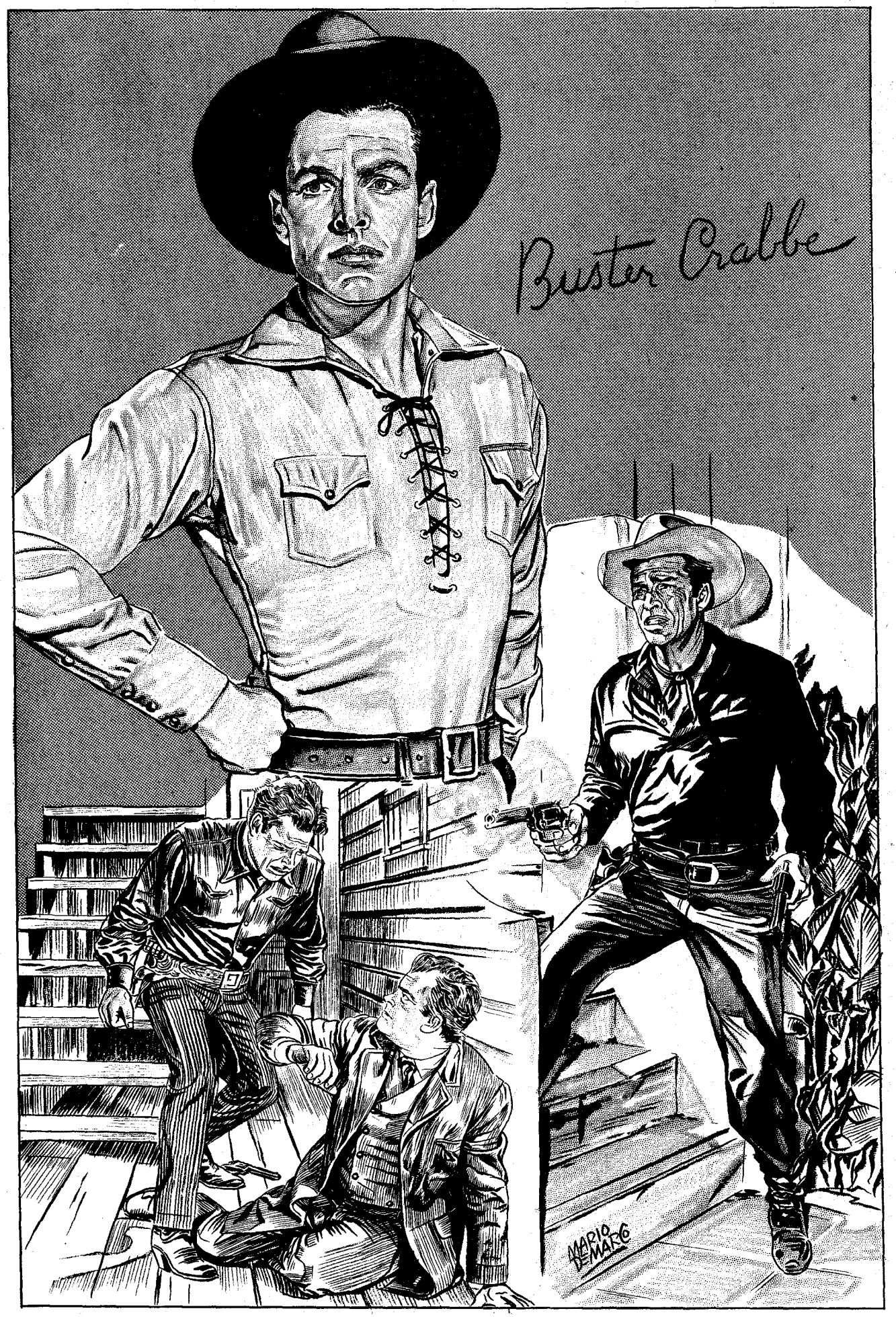

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Eyewitness Account:

DEATH OF BOB FORD

by Carl W. Breihan

Bob Ford, the man who killed Jesse James, believed that the famous outlaw meant to kill him first, so he said "at the first chance I got, I shot him, as I knew it was either him or me." Bob Ford never profited from the killing, and his life became a living hell.

Carl Breihan collection

Left, Bob Ford, killer of Jesse James. Right, Charley Ford, Bob's brother.

The assassination of Jesse James brought mixed reactions from the people of Missouri, as well as from all over the country. Did it bring praise for the traitor, Dick Liddil? No! Did it bring messages of congratulations to Bob and Charley Ford, the assassins? No! Did it make rich men of the Fords, as they had planned? No! In the Western states, a good deal of importance had always been placed on the way a man died. To be shot in a fair fight was a sad but honorable thing; to be bushwhacked was a crime. To kill for a cause could be excused, but to kill for money was vile.

At the time of his death Jesse owned a string of running horses and under the name of Thomas Howard made fairs and race meetings. He had Bob Ford riding for him until he got too heavy (then he went to taking care of the horses), and his brother Charley, who was lighter, did the riding. Of course, they knew who Tom Howard really was, and the steadily mounting rewards for Jesse made him watch everyone and suspect everyone, nearly, who knew who he was. There was to be a race meeting from the 20th to the 26th of April, 1882, and Jesse concluded to take four of his horses and attend. So he told Bob Ford to get ready and he and Bob would each ride one and lead another animal, thereby getting into Excelsior Springs with well-conditioned horses.

When asked about this trip, Bob Ford replied, "I knew that if ever he and I started on that 70-mile trip that I would never get there; that Jesse intended to kill me on the way. I could see it in his eyes as he was talking to me. He suspected me of intending to betray him, so the first

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Carl Breihan collection.

Funeral of Bob Ford, Jimtown now Creede, Colo.

chance I got, I shot him, as I knew it was either him or me."

On April 17th the Fords were indicted for the murder of Jesse James. Robert was charged with murder in the first degree; Charley with aiding and abetting his brother in the murder. At noon the Fords were taken to the overcrowded courtroom. Major William Warner of Kansas City and Colonel John Doniphan and W.A. Reed of St. Joseph appeared as attorneys for the defense.

At 12 o'clock Prosecuting Attorney Spencer arose and read the grand-jury indictment against Robert.

"What plea do you make?" asked Spencer.

"Guilty!" replied Bob Ford in a firm tone.

Robert then took his seat and Charles was ordered to stand up. The indictment against him was also read by the prosecuting attorney and the same question asked. Without the least hesitation the answer came, "Guilty."

There was a hush in the courtroom for some moments as Judge Sherman sat in study in his chair. Finally he spoke, "Under the circumstances, there is only one thing I can do, and that is to pronounce here and now the sentence. Robert Ford, you have pleaded guilty before the court to the crime of murder in the first degree, and it becomes my duty to pass the sentence of death upon you. It is therefore the sentence of this court that you be taken to the Buchanan County jail and there safely kept until the 19th of May, 1882, at that time to be taken to some convenient place and hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Robert then took his seat, and Charley Ford was commanded to stand up to take the same sentence. Then the two were led back to the city jail.

At 2:00 o'clock the same day, the authorities in St. Joseph received a telegram from Governor Crittenden, giving full pardon to the Fords and ordering their immediate release from jail.

Bob Ford was then arrested by Sheriff Trigg of Ray County, who read a warrant charging him with the murder of Wood Hite. On May 13th he was indicted in Ray County on this charge. After change of venue to Clinton County, the case was tried on October 26th and he was acquitted.

In the absence of authority from the legislature, the State of Missouri had been unable to offer any reward above three hundred dollars for the apprehension of any criminal. Governor Crittenden, realizing that only a far larger sum than that would tempt anyone to plot against Jesse James, had induced the railroad companies to name big rewards. Colonel Wells H. Blodgett, general counsel for the Wabash Railway System, had agreed to discuss the matter with the officials of the other roads. On July 26, 1881, eleven days after the Winston train robbery, leading railroad officials had met with Governor Crittenden in the parlor of the Southern Hotel in St. Louis. The session lasted nearly five hours, and at its conclusion the Governor issued a proclamation dated July 28th: an aggregate reward of $50,000 was offered for the capture of the seven train robbers, or $5,000 for the arrest and conviction of any one of them. This was supplemented by the offer of an additional reward of $5,000 each for the arrest of Jesse and Frank James and delivery of their bodies to the sheriff of Daviess County, and a further reward of $5,000 each if they were convicted. These formidable rewards were to take the place of all previously withdrawn.

Governor Crittenden announced that, without risking one dollar from the State Treasury, he had paid $20,000 in rewards to various persons for the capture and overthrow of the James gang. No names of recipients were given. It is known that the railroad companies paid the rewards in the cases of Ryan and Clarence Hite, but it is not known to whom. On April 5, 1882, Crittenden reminded the managers of the different railroads of the 1881 arrangement and demanded $10,000 for the capture of Jesse James. If it was paid, at least it did not reach the Fords. They had to accept any decision the Governor made regarding it, since Charley was still an outlaw and his pardon meant more than money to him. Only about $500 found its way into the pockets of Bob and Charley Ford.

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Governor Crittenden was at the time manipulating a deal with the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway regarding their bonds, interest of $90,000 on which was past due to the State. The railway company's attorneys had assured the Governor that the State would receive the interest due as soon as the James boys were disposed of. The Governor followed through on this until the final settlement netted the State of Missouri $3,090,000.

These big money deals meant nothing in the lives of the Fords, so they were now forced to work for a living. They tried to reap a harvest from their vast publicity by touring with a play called *Outlaws of Missouri* and another called *How I Killed Jesse James,* under the auspices of the showman, George H. Bunnell. Bob Ford would come onto the stage and tell how he had killed Jesse James, holding a pistol at arm's length and bravely snapping the trigger. One time they were presented for one week at the corner of Broadway and Ninth Street in New York City beginning on Monday, September 18, 1882; then on September 25th they opened at Mr. Bunnell's Museum at Court and Romsen Streets in Brooklyn, New York. In the East they were received fairly well, but in the midwestern states and in the West they were practically booed off the stage. Several times they had to be spirited through a back door to keep from being mobbed by an unfriendly crowd. One night while they were performing at the Theatre Comique in Kansas City, it was rumored that Frank James was going to kill them. This must have shook them up plenty, but nothing happened. Frank was too smart for that; already he was thinking about surrendering.

Two seasons went by and then the show went on the rocks. Charley Ford was feeling poorly, so he returned to Richmond, Missouri, his home, for a spell. Bob took a job with P.T. Barnum and traveled with his circus for a short time.

One day Charley Ford met Mrs. Samuel and young Jesse James, now eight years old, on the sidewalk in Kansas City.

"You don't know me, Charley?" asked Mrs. Samuel.

"Yes, I know you. You are Mrs. Samuel."

"Yes, and you killed my brave boy," she said. "You murdered him for the money. I ought to kill you myself," and she waved her stubbed right arm in the air.

"Please don't say that, Mrs. Samuel, I have suffered the agonies of hell since that day."

"And what have you made me and mine suffer?"

"Mrs. Samuel, I didn't kill him. It was Bob."

"Yes, and you knew about it when you brought him to our home. You murdered for money."

"Mrs. Samuel, before God, I swear we got only a few hundred dollars of that money."

On May 6, 1884 Charley Ford committed suicide at his home in Richmond, apparently from ill health and remorse. He was buried there.

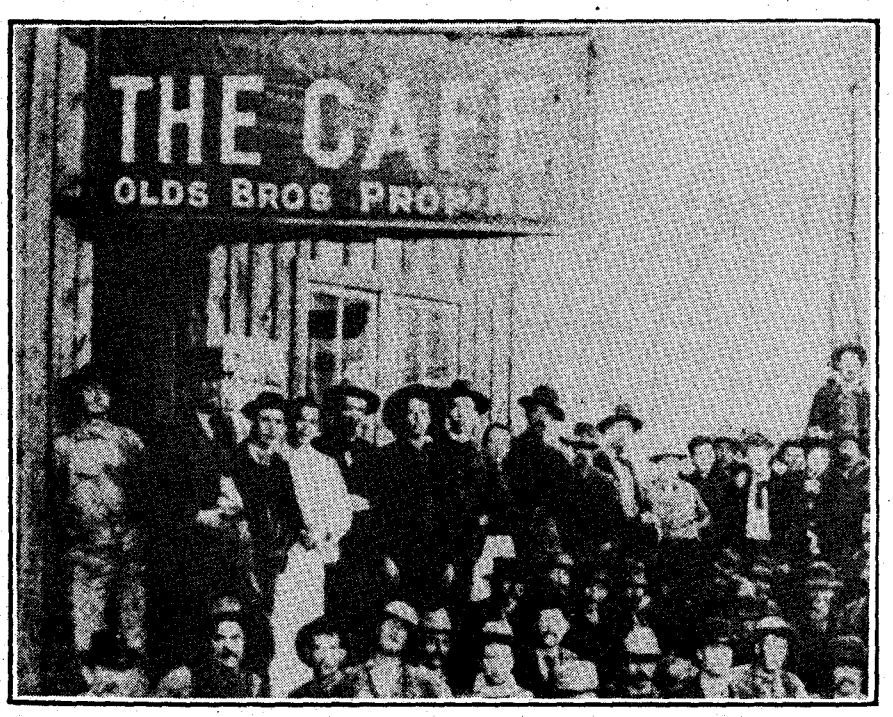
Bob Ford and Dick Liddil later opened a saloon at Las Vegas, New Mexico, on Bridge Street in the Old Town. But business was bad; Ford's reputation as a back-shooter had preceded him, and the people of Las Vegas wanted nothing to do with him. Leaving the saloon business, Bob Ford traveled to Walsenburg, Colorado, where he operated a saloon-gambling hall. Eventually he arrived in Pueblo, Colorado, and opened a fancy honky-tonk in a section known as the Mesa. There was a clubhouse near the police station, where he made friends among the barflies.

Edward O'Kelley, a member of the city police force in Pueblo, hated Bob Ford for his killing of Jesse James and made no bones about it, especially when he was drunk, which was quite often. In 1889 Ford beat O'Kelley to the draw and could have killed him then and there, but too many of O'Kelley's whiskey-nose friends were around. Ford whacked O'Kelley over the head with his pistol and knocked him unconscious; then he stooped over, picked up Ed's own gun, and left the saloon.

This incident was a partial springboard for Ed's later killing of Ford. Some have claimed that Bob Ford and O'Kelley shared a room and quarreled over a diamond ring that Bob accused Ed of stealing. Others took a more fantastic stand, saying that Bob's death was the result of a Missouri vendetta. It was even said that O'Kelley killed Ford in a quarrel over a girl, but O'Kelley's brother, Dr. Frank O'Kelley, of Patton, Missouri (now deceased), told this author that Ed never cared for any woman in his entire life.

In July of 1891 Ed got drunk while on duty and shot an unarmed black man on what is now First Street. The authorities held him in jail until the Negro recovered, and if Ed hadn't been a member of the police force, he would have been sent to prison then, but the officials wanted to hush it up. The official report read that O'Kelley was discharged from the Pueblo Police Department for being drunk on the job.

A close friend of the author, a man who was on the scene, Norvall Jennings, said this of O'Kelley: "I know he was a rotten bum on the force, and when he went on duty in the evening the first thing he did was to go into Ed Robinson's Saloon on Front Street and North First. He would start drinking, and that saloon was almost directly across the street from where I was working at the time, and the small room that I slept in over the kitchen had one window facing Front



Carl Breihan collection.

Bob Ford's tent saloon to the right, and crowd which gathered after Ford had been killed.

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Street, and that is how I heard that shot when O'Kelley shot the colored man. I was working at the Phoenix Hotel on the corner of Union Avenue and B Street some time in September when O'Kelley was let out of jail and kicked off the police force.

"There were two gambling houses on Union Avenue and I went there frequently to shoot craps or buck the roulette wheel, and there I saw O'Kelley often, hanging around after he was off the force, and he would bum a drink every chance he got. The Phoenix Hotel burned down on Christmas night of that year, and for several weeks I was washing dishes at the Hotel Bismarck on the street one block east of Union Avenue. It was early in January that I was sent as a waiter with a restaurant crew to Creede, Colorado, where N.C. Creede had discovered two silver mines. Creede was merely the depot and post office at the end of the Denver & Rio Grande Road, and was some distance from Jimtown which was only five blocks long with one street in a gulch five hundred feet wide. This is actually where Ford was killed, in Jimtown, out a little ways after the fire."

Without a job, O'Kelley wandered around Pueblo, frequenting the Turf Exchange gambling house south of the river and the Green Light House north of the river. He was in the habit of wearing his old police uniform with the brass buttons cut off. Most of the time he was drunk or mooching handouts from gamblers around town. (Verified by Mr. Jennings.)

The big rush to Jimtown brought Ed O'Kelley and Bob Ford with it. Another prominent actor in the drama about to unfold was Jefferson Randolph (Soapy) Smith. He found that in Jimtown there was no interference in his vocation of gambling, for nobody knew where the county lines were and therefore nobody had jurisdiction. He took over the town, appointing his brother - in - law, John Light, as marshal. Smith owned and operated the Orleans Club on the east side of the canyon, and woe betide any sucker who thought he had a chance to win anything in Soapy's place. It was common knowledge that every game in the place was fixed.

The other two gambling emporiums in Jimtown were Ford's Omaha Club and the Gunnison Club & Exchange. Smith wanted the others to accept his own crooked methods, but they refused. The Smith gang went to work on the Gunnison place first; each night they would go into the place as gamblers and then start a row. Eventually there was the killing of Red McCune, one of the owners who always tended bar. However, in the case of Bob Ford the gang was afraid to start anything because they knew he was a dead shot and fast on the draw. They harassed him in any way they could think of, but it did not work.

Sooner or later this was bound to get on Ford's nerves ... it did. One night, all liquored up, he leaped on his horse and rode up and down the street. He yelled that if any man wanted to meet him, to come to the Mesa ... west of the lower part of Jimtown ... and he would oblige them. By that time the first electric lights had come to Amethyst Street; Ford pulled his gun and shot out a light, some fifty feet away, as a demonstration of his skill. Smith now realized that Ford was more dangerous than ever. Soapy Smith was smart enough to get someone to do his killings for him. Around his saloon Edward O'Kelley regularly looked for free drinks or odd jobs, and Smith picked him as a likely prospect, since he knew O'Kelley's hatred for Ford, anyway. Smith reminded O'Kelley of the way he had shot the colored man in Pueblo, then told him he had nothing to fear about killing Ford, since everything would be fixed.

"You'll become world - known as the man who killed the man who killed Jesse James!" he promised.

In Jimtown there was a town character known as Joe Duval. He was an undersized French Canuck, and his handling of the English language was too funny for words. He cashed in on it, too. He was a booze hound extraordinary, riding into town on a small donkey early each morning, then checking all the saloons, hoping to find someone who would buy him a drink. Whenever he started his Canuck lingo the people started laughing, putting them in good humor enough to buy him drinks.

There was a big fire which emptied Willow Gulch of all its buildings. However, some of the wiser ones had erected structures south of Jimtown on what was known as the School Land and which is the site of the present town of Creede, Colorado.

I asked Mr. Jennings how he became acquainted with Bob Ford. "Well, it was after the bottom dropped out of Jimtown. Most of the restaurants had closed up and I was out of work and broke. I had no place to sleep and no way to get back to Pueblo. This was in March; the nights were cold, sometimes as low as

Carl Breihan collection.

Jesse Woodson James.

twenty below zero. So I went from place to place to keep warm by the big pot - bellied stoves they had in the saloons. On this particular night I walked into Ford's Omaha Club. There was not a soul in the place, except Ford and his bartender named McKee.

"I was standing near the stove when Ford came up and said hello to ne, remarking how cold it was outside. He asked me what I was doing and where I was from. I told him I wasn't doing anything and that I was from Missouri. He asked me what part and I told him Barton County, from a place called Minden Mines. He told me to get something to eat and that I could remain there until I found something. He told me to help the bartender and that I could sleep and eat in the kitchen. I have no regrets knowing Bob Ford; he was most kind to me."

Before the fire there was a Frenchman named Vidil, who operated a restaurant on the School Land, doing little business as it was some distance from Jimtown. After the fire, Vidil's restaurant did a land - office business, and Norvall Jennings was able to secure a job there until he was able to return to Pueblo. Vidil's was a log cabin some 300 feet from where Bob Ford had opened his saloon under canvas. His tent saloon with a wooden floor was to serve as a temporary dispenser of liquor until he could rebuild his wooden structure.

I asked Mr. Jennings if he could give a report on how Ford was killed.

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"Well, I guess I can; I was right there. We now come to the morning of June 8, 1892, a chilly but clear day and the stage was set for the killing of Ford. Ford's bartender had gone to visit his family in Kansas City and had not returned. Ford was cleaning up the bar himself. The Smith gang was aware of this, so out on the street went O'Kelley with a sawed-off shotgun under his coat. Seeing Joe Duval, he asked him to have a drink with him, so they walked to Ford's place. There O'Kelley shoved Joe through the tent opening, and as Ford turned around, O'Kelley let him have it with both barrels. The buckshot nearly tore off Ford's head; the charge hit him smack in the throat."

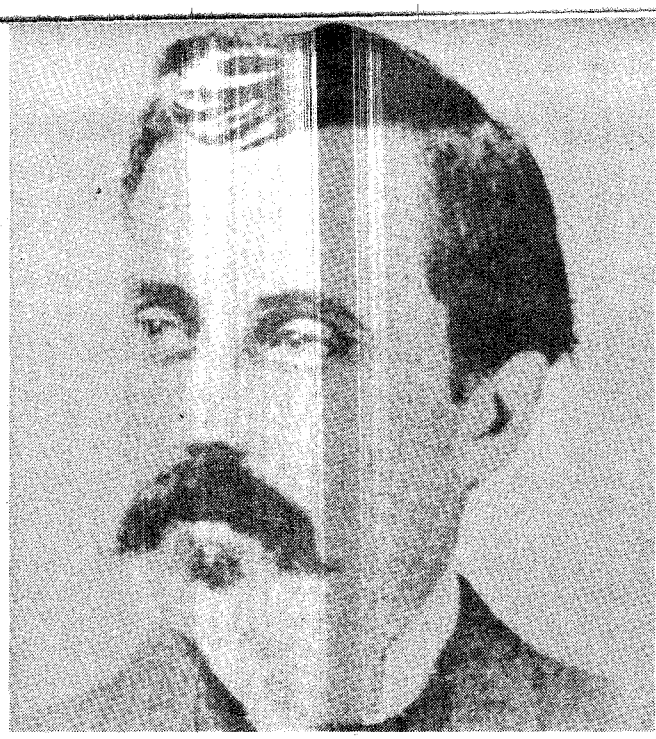
Later, Ford's collar button was found embedded in a pole across the tent, and Soapy Smith carried it for the rest of his life as a good - luck charm. Ford died in the arms of his Jimtown mistress, Ella Mae Watterson.

Mr. Jennings continued: "It was all prearranged. Town Marshal John Light suddenly appeared and took O'Kelley in tow in order to keep him from being lynched. It was bad business to shoot down an unarmed man, no matter who he was. Marshal Light took O'Kelley and Duval to Del Norte in Rio Grande County, where they were turned over to the sheriff of that county. Even there, after the people learned of the way he killed Ford, they wanted to hang O'Kelley.

"Soapy Smith was in Denver, but the job was all worked out by him. He at once furnished counsel for O'Kelley at the trial in Lake City on July 12, 1892. He was given a life sentence with ten days each year in the dungeon. Poor old Joe Duval, for no reason whatever, was given two years.

"This man Smith was quite a politician and knew his way around the State Capital at Denver. He also operated a gambling place at the corner of 17th and Market Streets in that city. It was managed by his brother, Jack Smith. The job of getting O'Kelley out of prison was in the works, so when the right man was elected governor, and through the work of his brother, Dr. Frank O'Kelley, of Missouri, Ed O'Kelley was free in 1902.

"Bob Ford was buried up on the Mesa, south of the School Land. I did not go to the funeral but saw it winding its way up the side of the hill. If anybody tells you a different story, they're crazy. I recall all this as if it were just yesterday."



Dick Liddil, famous turncoat and one-time member of Jesse James gang.

Carl Breihan collection

Ford's body was later exhumed and reburied at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri, in the same grave occupied by the body of brother Charley. Dot Evans Ford, Bob's widow, committed suicide in June of 1916, at Durango, Colorado.

The finale to the Ford drama occurred on January 13, 1904, when O'Kelley was in Oklahoma City, drunk and bragging. He spent several nights sleeping in a railroad depot, but when this became a habit the station agent called the police to remove him. The officer who answered the call was Joe Burnett, a quarter - breed Cherokee Indian. Joe neglected to search O'Kelley before leading him out, and Ed pulled a gun on him. In the ensuing struggle O'Kelley was killed. He was buried in the Oklahoma City Potters Field, unmourned and without rites.

The Ford story at an end, I asked Mr. Jennings if he had asked Bob Ford how he killed Jesse James. "No, not in so many words, I thought it more prudent not to. But his bartender, Joe McKee told me what Ford had told him about it.

"Ford told McKee that anyone who incurred Jesse's displeasure 'went for a ride,' and young Ford was not unaware of that term. Jesse and the Fords were not related in any manner as some writers stated. Bob remained around the St. Joe residence for a few days, posing as a Mr. Johnson, a cousin of Mr. Howard.

"It was Bob Ford's duty to go downtown to get Jesse's mail and newspapers, as the outlaw wished to remain completely out of sight, although he did accompany him on occasion. There were no mail deliveries in those days, and everyone had to go to the post office to pick up his mail. All papers and mail were received under the name of Thomas Howard. He sent for young Ford to take care of this chore.

"There were no secrets between them concerning the reason for Jesse's being holed up, and so all went well. Ford never opened the brown wrapping around the newspapers, so he seldom knew the headlines. Jesse was very jittery around that time, knowing that it was but a matter of time until he would be all through and done. On this particular day when Ford delivered the Kansas City papers, headlines in bold type stated that the Ford brothers were in on a deal to capture Jesse, and when Jesse read that, he started to act like a crazy person.

"He told Ford that he had received bad news and that they would have to ride out that very night to take horses to Excelsior Springs for the race. Ford, being no fool, suspected what that meant and hoped to beat Jesse to the draw. Jesse usually took his guns off only when going to bed, but in order to throw Ford off, he removed his guns to get upon a chair to straighten and to dust a motto picture.

"Now the seat of an ordinary chair is but eighteen inches from the floor, and in this case there was no need to remove his guns. There was hardly any reason for him to get upon a chair at all; Jesse was 5-8 or 5-9 in height, give or take, but he could easily have reached up and touched the picture while he was standing on the floor.

"There, the Kid, as Jesse called Bob Ford, took full advantage of the situation and let Jesse have it in the head, killing him instantly." ●RW

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HALF MY LIFE IN A CELLAR

by Blanche K. Jenkins

"Get in the cellar! Scoot!" Mama would punctuate her command with a swat on my backside. Sighing in resignation, I'd drag my feet reluctantly on my way to the cellar. Mama had spied another potential tornado.

Early summer is a wonderful time of year on the Great Plains of the Midwest. The cold harsh winter is past and the earth is bountiful with green promise. But it is also the time of year that brings violent storms that wreak havoc on the land.

In those days, before storm-warning broadcasts, there was no way of knowing the path of the unpredictable tornado, so when the atmosphere assumed a yellowish hue and a dark cloud appeared in the sky, Mama shooed us all into the cellar to wait apprehensively until the danger passed.

Mama was frightened to death of tornadoes — popularly known as twisters — and well she should be. The minute or so that it takes for the storm to pass can produce fantastic destruction, with buildings totally flattened, exploded to bits or moved bodily for hundreds of yards, straws driven through posts, and some objects miraculously left unharmed amid complete wreckage. A root cellar with a stout door was the only safe refuge on most farms in Kansas where we lived.

Our cellar was fairly typical, located about a hundred feet from the kitchen door in the nearest natural mound of earth. The entrance was in the side of the mound to provide good drainage, with the outer door recessed about a foot for protection against being torn off in the wind. Down seven steps, a second door opened into a cave with dirt floors, timber shoring, and spider webs.

If a storm came during the day Mama walked around the yard, watching the clouds. She'd order us kids to stay close by — and then, "Get in the cellar!" Being too young to comprehend the danger, I'd grumble my disgust at these false alarms, hating the time lost from my important childhood activities. A few storms passed through our farm, but it seemed the bad ones were always somewhere else, so I couldn't see the sense to spending half my life in an old cellar.

The worst, I think, was being yanked out of bed in the middle of the night, dragged down into the cellar, so sleepy I could hardly stand, and with no place to lie down. A kerosene lamp burned dimly in the dark, musty interior. Mama always kept the lamp chimney polished and the base filled, ready for use. To a six-year-old, an old root cellar was a cool, musty, dry-smelling place populated with creepy crawly things. The rustlings and falling dirt of the unknown underground creatures moving about kept me hopping in tingling fear. Besides the potato bin and fruit shelves there were two very old, very rickety chairs for Dad and Mama. We kids perched ourselves wherever we felt the safest from the spiders and daddy-longlegs and all the other creepy crawlies. Looking back, it seems that if we were going to spend half our life in the cellar, it could have been made a little more comfortable.

Meteorologists can specify the conditions usually associated with the development of tornadoes, but they still don't know how and why tornado funnels form where they do. Tornadoes have been observed in all parts of the world, but they are most common in the Midwest and the Great Plains of the U.S. with the greatest number occurring in Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas.

Weather Bureau statistics on tornadoes are not very accurate. Few are ever seen by weather observers. Files are based mostly on newspaper stories

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A WESTERN MAN WITH A WORKABLE DREAM

by Clarence M. Fink

Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

William C. Ralston

William Chapman Ralston was the financial wizard of his day. But he was possessed by a magnificent dream that obsessed his every waking moment. It was not an ordinary man's dream of success and riches, for he had wealth, position, prestige, confidence and a great driving ambition, enough to satisfy any living mortal.

Ralston became a man so completely hooked on such a large, inanimate area as San Francisco that it eventually became the death of him. It was his greatest desire to make the city by the Golden Gate the finest in America, if not the rival of any foreign capital in the world.

Ralston had a wife, but his sole mistress was the Bay City to whom he gave a wild, passionate, hopeless, yet pathetic love. Seldom do historians find an unselfish devotion such as his in the annals of history. Ralston wanted to develop the city's natural resources and establish and adorn her byways with handsome public buildings. He wanted its streets lined with lawns and flower beds, shaded by magnolia, orange, lemon, and lime trees, and he avoided squalid realities like a plague. The people must have promenading walks to enjoy, with outside tables where they could sip coffee, wines, and relax in pleasant surroundings with iron fences, backed by attractive store fronts.

On Montgomery Street South alone, he lavished two million dollars with loving care, or as his enemies put it, "squandered." For his favored people he bought and operated woolen mills, raised cattle, ran sugar mills, grew and sold tobacco from his farms, and many other things with but one thought in mind: citizens must have jobs. His cherished promotions did not make him money, for materials and labor costs had risen. But at first he shrugged it all off because he was supported by Comstock silver and his Bank of California, which everyone thought was as strong as the Rock of Gilbraltar.

But despite Ralston's ability to make and manipulate money, unforeseen financial reverses began to undermine all that he created. Somebody once remarked that no man can climb beyond the limitations of his own character. Ralston was an idealistic dreamer who possessed a rare ability to handle many things at once, keeping them rotating rapidly, like an expert juggler who carefully programmed himself.

Nothing on earth consumes a man more quickly than the passion of desire. Ralston had supreme confidence in himself and knew that any doubt was a full - blooded brother devil to despair. Until the last, his designs of bright imagination were never etched by the sharp fumes of necessity, for he constantly tasted the exciting, flavored miracles of change.

Only the most studied effects of taste would do for Ralston who poured millions into countless enterprises. He purchased a modest home once owned by Count Lussetti Cipriani and made an extravagant showplace out of it by creating splendid accommodations in 1868 that would hold 120 guests. Walls were panelled with costly mirrors; ceilings were hung with expensive chandeliers; Oriental rugs were everywhere. He installed a large gym and extravagant bowling room for himself and guests. Even his fine thoroughbred horses were enclosed with glass partitions, and their silver trappings possessed silver pegs. He erected his own gas works on his property and built a large dam and reservoir to water his estate and gardens.

Ralston spent money like water but only to improve things to his own taste. When a fire erupted in one of his mines and killed and burned many of his miners, Ralston gave thousands of dollars to the widows and children of the tragedy, though he had to close the mine down at a loss.

At the death of one of his closest friends who committed suicide by taking an overdose of poison because of

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losing his shirt by gambling on risky stocks, leaving his widow completely penniless, this stock - market giant hushed up the affair as much as possible, withdrew $35,000 from his own bank account and tendered it to the man's wife, saying that was all he could raise for her at the moment. The woman, not knowing of her dead husband's wipe-out on the stock exchange, disdained Ralston's "paltry" amount and tore his check to threads, throwing it at his feet and saying that her husband had been a rich man and that she should have more coming to her from the estate. Murder, suicide, and sudden death failed to stop stock speculation in the Comstock area. It was the time of wild speculation for all ranks of people. The drop in stocks that hurt the California bank president the most were those of the Ophir Mine. The stock shrinkage played havoc with his bank. The decline was one hundred million dollars as the shares kept falling. Hemmed in by disaster and depression, Ralston borrowed where he could, sold many of his good holdings to preserve his credit, until the danger of a financial catastrophe loomed ahead of him. Large depositors began withdrawing huge sums that would keep his bank solvent. The *Bulletin and Call* constantly hurled tirades against the bank president, undermining his many efforts to a good degree. Soon Ralston realized the desperate condition of his affairs and was in need of help.

The men in the streets thought a lot of him. They credited him with being the creator of a new San Francisco. In every household his name was revered, and they named many of their children after him. A great number of people wrote to editors, saying that they would cancel their newspaper subscriptions if the writers didn't let up on him. Remarks on him ran thusly: "He's the greatest man San Francisco ever produced"; "He's a far-seeing, smart fellow, and his bank is as sound as the credit of San Francisco!"

He was their crusader who worked for their welfare. Everyone thought his money supply was inexhaustible, never realizing the forces which were draining his energy and resources. This man of strict devotion to San Francisco was being backed against a wall of disaster. His building rents took a sharp nose dive, and his real estate values dropped alarmingly. It seemed that even Fate herself conspired against him, and Eastern goods swarmed into San Francisco by railroad and clotted the market with low prices. The crumbling of his once invincible empire came fast and furious. Then Ralston was forced to resign as head of his California bank. In this hot climate and somewhat disturbed, this California wizard decided to take a swim, cool off, and plan what he could do to salvage something from his disaster.

On the beach he struck out for the stern - wheeler *Bullion*, anchored over three thousand yards from shore. Swimming strongly, Ralston was matched stroke for stroke by a young swimmer who turned back, saying he was getting too far from land. Keeping on the same tack, a strong tide swept over Ralston, buffeting him about. He dove briefly beneath it, shook his head to clear water from his eyes, got his direction again, and with deep strokes continued to cut water. He was last seen with an arm upraised and his hand clutching empty air. Ralston's body was discovered, face downward, in deep water. His enemies immediately said, Suicide! His friends were determined to show an accident caused by shock and heart failure! No water was found in his lungs, though his brain was congested.

A few days later, Ralston was placed in a vault on Lone Mountain. His funeral procession was one that would do credit of a beloved monarch or a Caesar. It was six miles long, and hundreds viewed the once "King" of San Francisco in his quiet repose. His life insurance company paid his widow the full amount of his policy, $65,000, without question. One writer once said that, "Death was but a horizon, and a horizon is nothing but the limit of our sight." Ralston was a tragic dreamer who gave his best to life with but a passing salute to the western world. ● **RW**

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Bank of California

Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

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The Cookson Hills are located in Oklahoma near the Arkansas border. Today, this quiet land is haunted by the echoes of outlaw guns and the cries of dying men. Quantrill, the James Boys, the Younger Brothers, the Starrs, and Ned Christie — all used these hills as a refuge from the law.

OKLAHOMA'S BANDIT HIDEOUT

by Robert Roy

Those hills are washed with blood and haunted with the memory of roaring six-guns and cries of the dying. Located in Oklahoma along the Oklahoma Arkansas border, with Sallisaw on the south, Muskogee on the west and Vinita on the north, they have been known for over a hundred years as the Cookson Hills.

Legend has it that the famed John A. Murrel, often called the father of our western outlaws, fled there with his band of cutthroats from the notorious Cave of Roses on the Mississippi in 1845, when the army was called to give battle with Murrel's outlaws.

Quantrill, the James Boys, the Youngers and the Starrs used these hills. A long and bloody line of famous outlaws followed them. As late as the 1930's Pretty Boy Floyd, Creepy Karpis, the Barkers, and other hoodlums of that wild decade often hid in the Cookson Hills.

The city of Tahlequah is in the center of these hills. Today it is a beautiful college town. Sixty-five years ago, on November 3, 1892, it was a dirty, sprawling frontier village of less than two hundred souls, who lived in wooden shacks and were in constant fear of the outlaws who hid in the caves during the day and came to Tahlequah at night to get drunk, kill each other or any unfortunate who might be outside.

On the afternnon of November 3, a rider came down Tahlequah's dusty main street. His horse was covered with sweat and was breathing heavily. The man was tall and slim, hard-muscled. His face, bronzed from the wind and rain, looked straight ahead, with the eold look of death in his eyes.

A dog crossed in front of the rider, tail between its legs. From the windows of the shacks, frightened eyes peered at the man as he rode up to Bull Bill's saloon. Nobody ventured out on the street. A new terror had come to Tahlequah, a terror that wild country had never known before.

At Bull Bill's saloon, the lean-faced man walked up on the porch, through the swinging doors, pinning them with his body. A few men were at the bar. They looked at him and disappeared like phantoms. He was alone with Bull Bill, the bartender, a nondescript individual of medium height and sandy plastered - down hair.

"Tough, Heck," Bull Bill said. "The kid never had a chance. Better have a shot of whiskey."

The tall man pushed the bottle away. He asked, "Where is he?"

Bull Bill nodded toward a door to a side room. The man walked through it and into the room. Old Jeff Root, marshal of Tahlequah, stood beside a long bench on which lay a body covered with gunny sacks.

"Dry-gulched him when he walked down the street," Jeff Root said. "The kid was a fool to come here."

The 77-year-old marshal pulled the gunny sacks back. A youth in his early twenties lay there. The face of the tall man hardened and the muscles of his cheeks stood out in lumps. His eyes were half-closed. Then he pulled the gunny sacks over the youth's face.

"Ned Christie?" he asked.

"Who else be doing any killing around?" the marshal answered. "Christie has notified all he will kill every marshal that comes to Tahlequah."

The tall man with the lean face was Heck Bruner, who was to become one of the great United States Marshals of the West. In that year he was only thirty-two. He had come north from Texas as hard boss for the ZU ranch. His first brush with cattle rustlers earned such a reputation that he was hired as marshal at Muskogee. The year before, he had been appointed Deputy United States Marshal under Jake Youse in Fayetteville, Arkansas, whose jurisdiction included the Cookson Hills.

The new terror had come to Cookson Hills suddenly and without warning. On September 5, 1892, Ned Christie and his band of cutthroats had ridden into the town of Prairie Grove, across the line in Arkansas. When the smoke had cleared away, fourteen men, women and children lay dead on the short main street. The bank had been robbed of $22,000. A posse of irate citizens was quickly formed. Christie and his men fled into the protection of the caves and box canyons north of Tahlequah, where it was almost impossible to find them.

The people of Tahlequah had known all kinds of outlaws, but Ned Christie was something new to them. He and his men were psychotic killers. They would ambush farmers, riddle their bodies with bullets, and drive away in their wagons. They struck at one town after another, more interested in spilling blood than robbing.

When they took over Tahlequah, several citizens protested; they were shot down in cold blood on Main Street. Old Jeff Root was the marshal but was too old to do anything, and Christie let him live. The town called on U.S. Marshal Youse in Fayetteville for help. He sent Deputy Marshal Jim Brand to Tahlequah. He was killed when Ned Christie and his men rode into town.

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Ned Christie, cold-blooded killer of the Cookson Hills, Okla. He was trailed by Heck Bruner and killed in a shoot-out with a posse headed by Capt. White.

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When this news reached Marshal Youse, he sent out a call for Heck Bruner, who was away on another assignment. Young Dan Maples had just been made a deputy marshal. Maples was young, only twenty-one, and he had come up from Texas. Heck Bruner had been a close friend of his family, and it had been Bruner who recommended him for the appointment.

Young Maples had the impulsiveness of youth, combined with an overweaning ambition to show Heck Bruner, who was like a big brother to him, that he was a good officer. He asked Marshal Youse to send him to Tahlequah. Youse shook his head, told him to wait until Heck Bruner got back, and if Heck wanted to take him along, that would be okay with Youse.

Dan Maples didn't wait for Heck Bruner. He left Bruner a note, got on his horse and started for Talequah. Bruner arrived in Fayetteville ten hours later. He left for Tahlequah, hoping to get there before anything happened to young Maples.

He wasn't successful. When he got to Proctor, fifteen miles from Tahlequah, he heard the news that Maples had been killed just before dawn of that day.

Jeff Root said, "Heck, don't you go and be a fool. They got Brand and this kid. They'll get you. Things are moving to blast Christie and his killers out of the hills. Youse wired me he is sending Ed White and other deputies from Fayetteville. Deputy Pat Tolbert and Captain Charlie White and five deputies are on their way from Muskogee. They'll be here tomorrow morning. You haven't a chance if you start anything tonight."

"Don't worry about me, Jeff," Bruner answered. "This boy was like a brother to me. I'm settling with Christie and doing it alone. When does he and his killers usually come to town?"

"Christie ain't one to come to town often," Jeff said. "He only comes when there is somebody to kill. He ain't no drinker. He's playing it smart. Let Ed White and the others help you."

"That won't smoke Christie out," Bruner said. "As long as these deputies are in Tahlequah, Christie and his men will stay holed up. A posse going into the Snake Mountain country would get nowhere. One man has a chance if he can follow trail marks. Tell White and the boys I'll leave signs for them to follow me."

"You're walking right into a dry-gulch," Jeff Root protested.

"Get a wagon and have the boy's body taken to Fayetteville," Bruner ordered.

One hour after dark, rebel yells and exploding six-guns announced the arrival in Tahlequah of the Ned Christie outlaws. Christie wasn't with them. Word hadn't reached him that Heck Bruner was in town. Archie Wolf and Will Harry led the bandits into Bull's saloon.

Heck Bruner watched them from a dark doorway. It wasn't until three in the morning when Archie Wolf and his men, drunk and firing at windows, rode out of the village for their hiding place.

Several hours later, Heck Bruner was riding through the chill gray mist of the coming dawn. He had little difficulty picking the hoof marks of the outlaws' horses as they had followed a well-used trail out of town.

Then suddenly this trail was lost in the wild, impassable mountain country. It took Bruner some time to find where the outlaws had turned into a creek bed. There was little water and, here and there, Bruner saw grazed, overturned and broken stones.

As Bruner advanced, he dropped pieces of paper along the creek which he followed for about a mile when the broken rocks disappeared. He doubled back, found hoof prints where the outlaws had ridden out of the creek and into the heavy underbrush. It wasn't hard to follow them through this. Broken twigs on the bushes revealed where they had gone.

They had ridden about a mile through the brush and then out into a series of high cliffs, box canyons and weird rock formations. This area had been dubbed "Rabbit Trap." Many of the canyons took the form of a box for rabbits.

Bruner was following the hoof marks down a narrow defile that led into a deep canyon. He got off his horse and advanced cautiously, knowing now he was exposed to many unseen eyes. He stepped on a rock, slipped and went down on his knees.

This saved his life. A rifle cracked on the top of the cliff and a bullet whined over his head. Bruner turned, saw the head of the sentry high on a cliff, too far away for a six-gun to reach. Bruner's horse had shied and had slipped down the side of a narrow draw. Bruner started to crawl to the horse to get his rifle.

He never got to his horse. A bullet clipped a rock within an inch of his body, and then bullets were coming from all directions. He leaped for a boulder, saw a man running for him. His six-gun jumped in his hand as it exploded. The running man dove to the ground and lay still.

Then men were yelling all around him. His six-gun was barking as fast as he could squeeze the trigger. Bullets were knocking up clouds of dust around the boulder. He saw two men go down. Then his six-gun clicked on an empty chamber. He ducked low to reload. A man was yelling behind him. He looked up. Men were charging down on the boulder from his rear. His six-gun was reloaded, but he knew it would do little good. Old Jeff Root had been right. He had walked into a perfect death trap.

He was lying flat on the ground under the boulder to escape the bullets. He had no chance to fire his forty - five. Then he heard other shots. They were coming from the right, some distance away. Two men who had climbed a cliff over him plunged into space and fell eighty feet onto the rocks below.

Bruner wondered what was happening. He closed his eyes; nothing made sense. Then the firing stopped. A man was standing over him. It was Deputy U. S. Marshal Pat Tolbert.

"Glad to find you alive, Heck," Tolbert said. "We followed the signs you left and we didn't get here any too soon. A minute later and you'd been dead."

Bruner got up, brushed the dust out of his eyes, "I never knew you could look so good, Pat. I walked into a perfect ambush. But the hideout is close by and I got a hunch when we find it, it'll be a good one."

Pat Tolbert had nine deputies with him. They had killed four of the sentries, and the others had fled. The eleven men divided into three groups and took the narrow trails over the cliffs without any shots being fired. The group Heck Bruner was leading came to the rim of a deep box canyon. Across the canyon, built in a rock wall, was a fort of heavy logs. The underbrush and scrub oak had been cleared away in front of the fort for several hundred feet, giving the defenders a perfect range of fire.

An attack was launched against the fort. Heck Bruner and his men made a dash for the fortification, while Pat Tolbert and Captain White's men maintained a barrage of fire to cover the attack. Bruner and his detail didn't get far. From the fort came a deadly fire that cut down Wes Miller and Charles Copeland. Bruner yelled for his men to take cover, which they did.

Copeland and Miller were carried to the rear. Bruner and Captain

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

HISTORY OF ZUNI AND PUEBLO SILVER

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

Before learning the art of silversmithing, the Zuni and other Pueblo Indians, like the Navajo, made and wore jewelry of brass and copper. They also made jewelry for the Mexicans, who believed that by wearing brass or copper the aches of rheumatism would be lessened. The Mexicans were particularly fond of crosses, and the Zuni made many of these in exchange for sheep. After the Zuni learned the art of silversmithing, most of their early copper and brass jewelry, which was generally simple and crude, disappeared.

It is interesting that blacksmith work was known much earlier than silversmithing. Kiwashinakwe, or Ax Maker, was the first Zuni blacksmith, usually making or mending axes and hoes. Later, when wagon blacksmithing became an important craft, Kuwishiti, another blacksmith, obtained a full set of blacksmith tools and set his forge on the south side of the river near the trading post.

The first Zuni to learn the craft of silversmithing was Lanyade, who was taught the art from Atsidi Chon, a Navajo, who visited the Zuni village and became friends with Lanyade. Some time later, Lanyade taught Balawade, another Zuni, the craft.

The Zuni carved turquoise for hundreds of years before learning to set it in silver. Small bits of the blue stones were carved into animal forms, similar in shape to large fetishes. Animal spirits, in the shape of mountain lions or bears, were often carved out of turquoise and put between the nuggets of the necklaces.

Keneshde, a Zuni who had learned the art of silversmithing, obtained some turquoise which he put on silver by soldering a rim around the stone. When the Zuni learned to set turquoise (around 1890), their craft became more complex, and they departed somewhat from the Navajo pattern they had been using up to that time.

Early Zuni jewelry was different than that of today, resembling more the Navajo; it was heavier in construction with only one to a half dozen stones put on one piece of silver. Today a Zuni bracelet might have as many as one hundred and fifty stones.

Zuni smiths sold or traded most of their silver to members of their own Pueblos, or to the Navajo — with an occasional piece being sold or traded to a white visitor to their village. About 1920 the traders at Zuni started to buy their silver for sale to the tourist, encouraging the Zuni to make silver suitable for the tourist trade.

The Zuni started to design jewelry with the tourist in mind and not the Indian. This not only changed the craft, but the whole economic life of the Pueblo changed with the demand for Zuni silver. In 1920 there were only eight Zuni silversmiths, but by 1938 there were ninety smiths at one pueblo, not counting the Navajo smiths. Although many Zuni women helped their husbands work in silver, doing the work which took more patience than strength, the first Zuni woman to learn the complete craft was Della Casi, who was taught the art by her husband.

In recent years the Zuni and Navajo have copied each other's work to the extent that it is not always easy to tell their work apart. The most prominent characteristic of Zuni silver is the set of the turquoise. The Zuni rarely make a piece of silver with no stones, and seldom with only a few stones. Navajo silver is heavier than Zuni silver, because to the Zuni it is not the silver itself which is the thing of beauty, but rather it is the means to hold the turquoise stones. Zuni silver may be just heavy enough to hold the stones and, compared to Navajo silver, may seem light and flimsy.

A Zuni might sell or pawn silver and turquoise if he needs cash, but he will not pawn his jewelry. Unlike the Navajo, the pawn rack was never an essential part of the trading economy at Zuni. Credit was extended to the Zuni, but his jewelry was not required as collateral. The amount of credit given was from his past trading record and the size of his flock or grain crop. The Zuni therefore wears his jewelry year around.

Zuni silver is not as often copied or imitated as that of the Navajo. First, Zuni silver cannot be produced as cheaply as Navajo silver. The cost of labor is higher due to the fact that Zuni silver is set with so many small stones, and it cannot be turned out with machines as easily as that of the Navajo. The turquoise may be ground and polished by machinery, but the stones in the Zuni piece must be set by hand. Setting the stones takes time and they must be accurately set, so it takes about twice as long to make a Zuni piece as a Navajo piece.

Zunis make more silver pieces than the other Pueblos; the Hopi, Acoma, Islet and other Pueblo Indians obtain most of their silver from the Zuni or Navajo by trading.

Sikyatala, or Yellow Lights, who lived at Sichomovi, or First Mesa, was the first Hopi to learn silversmithing from the Zuni silversmith Lanyade. Then he taught Sakwiam, another Hopi, who in turn taught the craft to several other members of the tribe.

The Hopi usually make small pieces such as rings, buttons and bracelets, with an occasional concha belt or bow-guard to special order. Their designs usually follow those of the Navajo and Zuni, but the butterfly is the one design which distinguishes Hopi-made silver from that of their neighbors. The butterfly of Hopi work is often made with the body silver and the wings of coral and turquoise.

The Hopi demand for silver is greater than their output, so most of their silver pieces are made by the Navajo and Zuni. The Zuni trade their turquoise for mantas worn by the Hopi men. The Navajo trade to the Hopi for their farm products such as peaches and apricots which ripen eariler in Hopi country than the fruit grown in the Canyon de Chelly where the

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W. H. JACKSON, Artist Photographer Of The Old West

by R. L. Lowe

At 10:30 p.m., Saturday April 14, 1866, a young man named William Henry Jackson boarded the train at the Burlington Depot, Vermont, en route to New York City. From time to time, after sighing profoundly, he pulled a photograph out of his shirt pocket and studied it deeply, close to tears. The picture was one of a pretty young woman, called Caddie Eastman, and the young man was leaving Vermont forever in order "to forget" a broken engagement and a fractured heart.

In New York he bumped into one "Rock" Rounds, like himself a former member of Company K, 12th Vermont Volunteers. Rounds, it appeared, was just about to leave for Montana to get rich in the silver mines. Would he like to come along? Would he! It seemed a heaven-sent opportunity to forget his misery. And so, with yet another former Army buddy, Billy Crowl, the three young men set out to make their fortunes in the West.

After a number of adventures, they finally reached St. Joseph, Missouri, the great gateway to the West. Broke, hungry and tired to the bone, they applied for jobs as teamsters with a wagon train about to head for Montana, at $20 a month. They were all three hired, despite their total lack of experience, and within a few days they found themselves in Nebraska City, from where the wagon trains left for Montana.

The wagon master of their wagon train was a colorful man named Ed Owens, who with unusual patience instructed his tyro crew in the fine art of bullwhacking. The rules of the game, gathered by long and hard experience, called for 25 wagons per standard train, a number arrived at by the fact that that number of wagons required the maximum number of oxen which would be able to find enough grass and water within range of each night's campsite. Twelve oxen to the wagon could pull a load of between 7000 and 8000 pounds in most places. Moreover the ox is, as a rule, a docile beast and has great stamina. Thus the "standard" train employed about 300 oxen plus about 30 replacements as well as horses or

Library, The State Historical Society of Colorado

Joseph, Nez Perce Chief.

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Man - with - no - hair and his squaw — Crow Indian Agency, Montana

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Panning gold at Cripple Creek, Colo.

mules for herding in the ratio of one horse for every forty or fifty oxen.

The wagon master in charge of such a train was a very important man, responsible as he was not only for the goods carried, but for the equipment of the train and the requisite number of animals. His was the decision on innumerable details: starting time each day, length of each drive, choice of campsite and so forth.

The working day began at 5 a.m. with the corraling of the oxen and hitching up. This usually took between 30 to 45 minutes. Once the train was under way it would grind on at a walking pace, while the bullwhackers played their 18-ft. rawhide whips over the backs of the animals. At 10 a.m. the train would halt for breakfast. Five or six men would club together, dividing the chores among themselves. After breakfast of bread, bacon and coffee, the men would grease the hubs of the wagon wheels while the oxen foraged for grass under the watchful eyes of their guards. At about 2 p.m. the oxen would be hitched up again for the second drive of the day. This would continue until just before sunset.

By the middle of July, 1866, Ed Owens' train had reached Fort Kearny and then headed for the Platte River, Julesburg, Pole Creek, Scott's Bluff, Fort Mitchell, Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and the Black Hills. Here Owens had the choice between the new shortcut of the Powder River Road and the old way by Horseshoe Creek. To everyone's relief he chose the latter even though it meant doing 800 miles against 425. For the Powder River trail was infested by Indians. Even so, Owens ordered their Spencer carbines taken out as a precaution before crossing the Platte. From there they went to Red Buttes, the Sweetwater River, and Independence Rock. On August 31, the train crossed the Great Divide. Here young Jackson left the train and headed for Salt Lake City, which he found delightful after the hardships of bullwhacking. He ate real meat instead of old bacon, went to a number of lively parties, and attended the theater where he saw no less a man than Brigham Young himself. To his great pleasure Jackson received $100 from his father, which made it possible for him to travel on to California and Los Angeles, then an unimportant place of 5000 inhabitants.

But the hundred dollars were soon used up, which meant getting a job to stay alive. So he signed on as a helper with a party proposing to take some 200 horses from California to Omaha, Nebraska. This proved to be a difficult task, because fully half of the horses had never been even partly broken to the saddle. However, with much swearing, cracking of whips, pushing and shoving, the men of the party managed to get the horses to the railhead near Julesburg where they entrained for Omaha.

By this time Jackson had "had" the bullwhacking and horse driving business, and he got a job as an assistant in his former trade of photographer. He did well and in 1867 bought out his employer, and with his brother, who came West to join him, set up as Jackson Bros. at the corner of Douglas and 15th streets.

Taking wedding pictures and making portraits, profitable though these were, did not satisfy young Jackson. He began to make trips into the surrounding countryside, taking photographs of Otoes, Osages, Winnebagos and Pawnees, which he sold both locally and in the East through an agent. Gradually he acquired a reputation as an excellent photographer, which led to his receiving a commission to take 10,000 advertising stereo pictures along the route of the Union Pacific Railroad. He loved the job, for it enabled him to do the work he did best. By September of 1869 he returned to Omaha with a large collection of photographs of such places as Cheyenne, Blue Creek, Echoe and Weber Canyons, Devil's Gate Bridge, Pulpit Rock and the last rail at Promontory Point.

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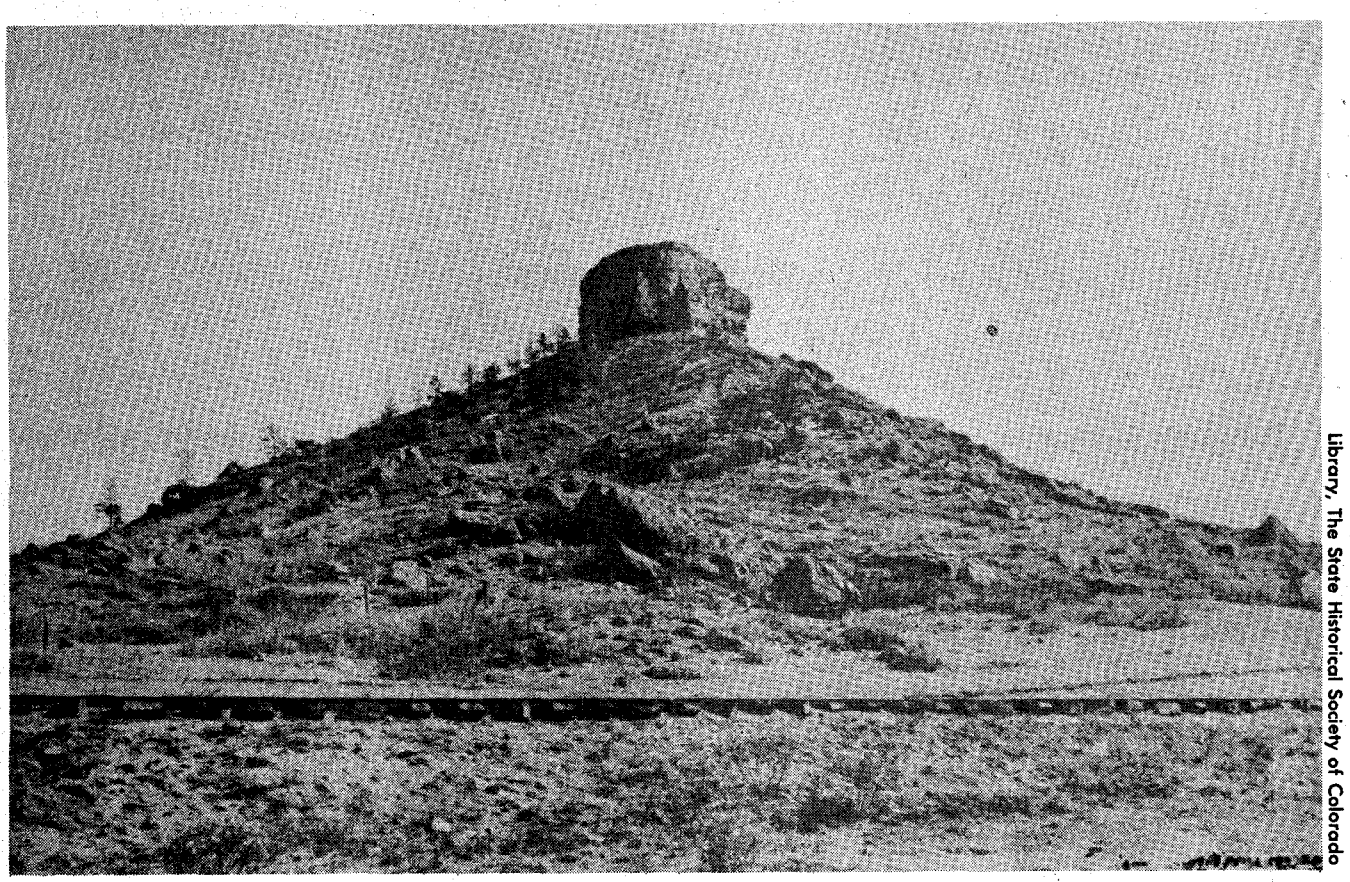

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Castle Rock in Colorado.

In 1870, Jackson was hired as official photographer with the Hayden Geological Survey. This work enabled Jackson to photograph a number of "firsts," Yellowstone, Mesa Verde cliff dwellings, Mt. Holy Cross Colorado among them. He remained with the Hayden Survey for nine years, making annual expeditions to the Southwest in the summer and spending the winter in Washington D.C., cataloguing his pictures. (His photographs of the Yellowstone helped to persuade Congress to declare the area a National Park.)

During his trips Jackson had taken a liking to Denver, Colorado, and when his job with the Survey came to an end, he settled down there as a photographer on Larimer Street. As he had done at Omaha, he traveled a great deal in the surrounding territory, taking pictures of places like Leadville, 10,000 feet above sea level, a rip-roaring mining town wherein Haw Tabor, the Bonanza King, bossed it over less successful men. More railroad commissions came his way, and from 1885 to 1892 he traveled extensively on the Denver & Rio Grande and later the Mexican Central Railway and a number of other roads, enjoying the luxury of a specially appointed private railroad car.

Jackson's work for the railroads brought him to the attention of one Joseph Gladding Pangborn, publicity director of the B & O Railroad. Pangborn invited him to come along as photographer on a world tour to study the railroad systems of foreign lands. This oversize junket was financed by a number of millionaires — among them George Pullman, Marshall Field, Andrew Carnegie and Cornelius Vanderbilt. In October 1894 the World Transportation Commission left London for its tour of the world, to visit North Africa, India and Ceylon, the East Indies, Australia, New Zealand, Indochina, Korea as well as Siberia. Everyone had a wonderful time, being wined and dined by high officials wherever they went. The climax of the tour was a 2000-mile sleigh ride in Siberia from the Pacific coast to Krasnoyarsk, the railhead of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Finally, in St. Petersburg, the money ran out and so the Commission ended.

On his return to Denver, Jackson found that his business had fallen off during his absence. Luckily for him the Photochrome Company of Detroit bought him out and gave him a job. Jackson remained with the company until 1923, when it folded. He was then 81 years old, but far from ready for retirement. He collaborated on a book about the West with Dr. Howard R. Driggs and received a commission from the Department of the Interior to paint four large panels commemorating the Hayden, King, Powell and Wheeler surveys of the West. In his ninety-eighth year, believe it or not, he was commissioned to paint as many paintings as he could by the Oregon Trails Association, the paintings to illustrate the doings of men in the West. Working from memory and sketches he had made as a young man, Jackson produced almost one hundred paintings of such thrilling events as Indian ambushes and battles, buffalo stampedes, the Pony Express, and many others. These pictures are now shown in National Museums, Libraries, Universities and private collections.

Death came to him in his ninety-ninth year and he was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, a grand old man who had crowded into his life an almost superhuman amount of experience. He lived from the time of the stagecoach and wagon train to the modern era of trains and airplanes, and with his thousands of photographs and scores of paintings he preserved for later generations the aspect and flavor of the Old West. ●**RW**

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MORE LIKE SUNDAY THAN ELECTION DAY

by Mary Alice Gunderson

The first woman ever to vote in an election day cast her ballot in Laramie City, Wyoming, Sept. 6, 1870. Grandma Louiza Swain, 75, was the lady who did it. The Democrats gave the vote to the ladies, and what did the ladies do? They voted Republican!

Wyoming State Archives and Historical Dept

Polls opened "a little early" for "Grandma" Louiza Swain to vote. The apron she wore that day was later auctioned off for ten dollars at the Calico Ball.

One woman rode horseback over sixty miles of rugged Wyoming country to cast her ballot.

But first in line at the polls in Laramie City on the morning of September 6, 1870, was "Grandma" Louiza Swain, aged 75. Local papers declared her vote the first ever recorded by a woman in a general election anywhere

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...one artist's depiction of woman suffrage in Wyoming: women at the polls in Cheyenne.

in the world. Noting she wore a clean white apron and carried a lard pail — for yeast she would buy at the bakery — one paper added that "at least the domestic instinct was not consumed by the new political obligations..."

"The Deed is Done!" headlined the *Revolution,* a New York - based woman - suffrage weekly. Concluding the write-up of passage of Wyoming's law granting women of the Territory the right to vote and to hold office, the article stated (and accurately) "... there is not one Republican in the legislature."

Yet this same Territory which pioneered in women's lib, passing the women's rights bill through a solidly Democratic body, would have repealed the act two years later but for united, last - ditch efforts of minority Republican legislators.

The woman vote was not a radically new idea. After the birth of our nation in 1776, women in New Jersey and other eastern states had been allowed to vote in school board elections from time to time. Some eighty years later the first Women's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls, New York. A year before passage of Wyoming's bill, Constitutional amendments admitting suffrage were proposed in both houses of Congress. The American Woman Suffrage Association formed a short while later with such prominent leaders as Elizabeth Stanton, Lucretia Mott and Susan B. Anthony.

Far removed from organized activity was Wyoming's raw frontier in the late 1860's. Though newspaper editors in Cheyenne subscribed to *The Revolution,* only occasionally were there local editorials on women's rights. When a Miss Redelia Bates, young suffragette on a speaking tour promoting woman power, lectured in Cheyenne, she drew only a handful of people. "Her presence would make any home a heaven," reported the Cheyenne *Leader,* but it ignored her topic.

Later that same fall when William H. Bright of South Pass City announced his intention to introduce a woman suffrage bill in the Territorial Legislature, there was no argument pro or con.

Once the bill was in the hopper, the 22 legislators (nine in the upper house and thirteen in the lower) took swift action. Passing the Council easily without amendment on their reading, the bill would have allowed eighteen-year-old women to vote.

But in the House, lawyer Bill Sheeks, also from South Pass City, spoke out. Standing before his colleagues, Sheeks offered two amendments: one struck the word "women" and inserted "all colored women and squaws"; his second amendment raised the voting age from 18 to 21. From the back of the room someone commented that since no woman would admit to being 21, few would bother to vote. Sheeks' second amendment was adopted. On the final day of the session, December 10, 1869, Governor John A. Campbell signed the bill into law. In the capital city that evening, rounds of drinks were ordered, toasts drunk to the ladies, "...once our superiors, now our equals."

Outnumbered six to one by the men of voting age, Wyoming's thousand or so women simply ignored passage of the bill.

There was no election scheduled for many months. Then in February, 1870, three women were named Justices of the Peace. Appointed by county commissioners with consent of the acting governor, only one, Mrs. Esther Morris, is known to have taken office.

Alarmed by the womens' apathy, some of the more influential men of the community set in motion a plan of action which would force the women to act: jury duty.

When women in Laramie City served on both grand and petit juries a month later, press dispatches spread the news to distant parts of the world. Wyoming was on the map, though not all publicity was favorable.

Commentary in *The Nation* read "... the experiment is being tried in Wyoming Territory ... the women there are but a handful and, it is said, leave much to be desired, to use a safe and convenient Gallicism, so that their use of the franchise will hardly shed much light on the general question."

"It seems more likely that within ten years Wyoming will go back on her woman suffrage record, than that any state of the Union will follow her present example," stated *Scribner's Monthly.*

As spring warmed into summer, talk in the Territory turned to other matters. The flurry of excitement over women jurors died away. With the election still six months away, there was a general feeling that women wouldn't leave their homes to vote.

But nearly all of them made it to the polls, bringing about some startling changes.

In those days, elections made for a "hot time in the old town tonight." Whiskey flowed freely; the sheriff's department and local doctor worked overtime. Brawling and celebrating, loud groups of men gathered around polling places. Many were armed. Church - going, law-abiding citizens simply stayed away.

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Even the Wyoming State Seal favored suffrage with its motto: "Cedant Arma Togae — Let Arms Yield to the Gown."

But with ladies at the polls, "...men would not remain, after voting, around the polls," grumbled one observer. "Though there was plenty of drinking and noise at the saloons, it was more like Sunday than election day."

The spotlight focused then on ballots cast by the women. Some believed they cast an equal number of Republican and Democratic ballots. (Since this was 20 years before adoption of the secret ballot, information was easily obtainable.) Others felt the women swung the election in favor of Republican W. T. Jones, sending him to Congress.

No mud-caked boots or sweat-stained stetsons for him. Jones sported plaid pants, "tight as paint on a barber pole," patent leather boots, and a Jim Fiske waistcoat with a flower in the lapel. Around town he wore a high beaver hat and carried a walking stick. Word of mouth said women voted for Jones because he was tall and handsome.

Resentment against women voters began to grow. Some even said the women were disloyal. Given the franchise by Democrats, they had turned around and voted for a Republican. The previous spring, ladies of the grand jury, in their attempt to clamp the lid on open gambling and to regulate saloon hours, enforced the Sunday Closing Law, which angered liquor dealers around the Territory. Rumors of a woman suffrage - temperance alignment circulated, and a group of Cheyenne saloonkeepers put on the pressure to repeal suffrage in the 1871 session of the legislature.

Ben Sheeks — opponent of the bill in the '69 Legislature and the only delegate to be returned for the '71 term — became Speaker of the House. With Sheeks spearheading the move, an attempt was made to

(continued on page 51)

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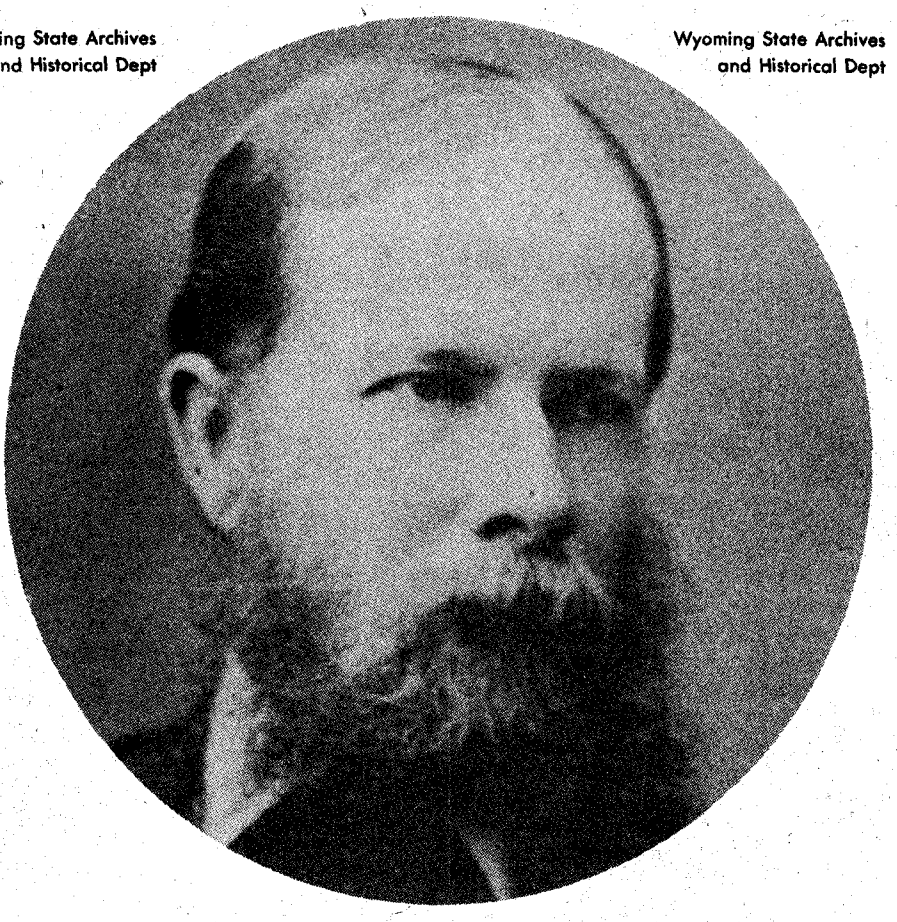

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Governor John A. Campbell noted briefly in his diary "...am offered $2,000 and favorable report of Committee if I will sign Woman Suffrage (repeal) act."

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The CHEYENNE TRIBUNE grouched that women voted for W.T. Jones because he was "tall, straight and good looking."

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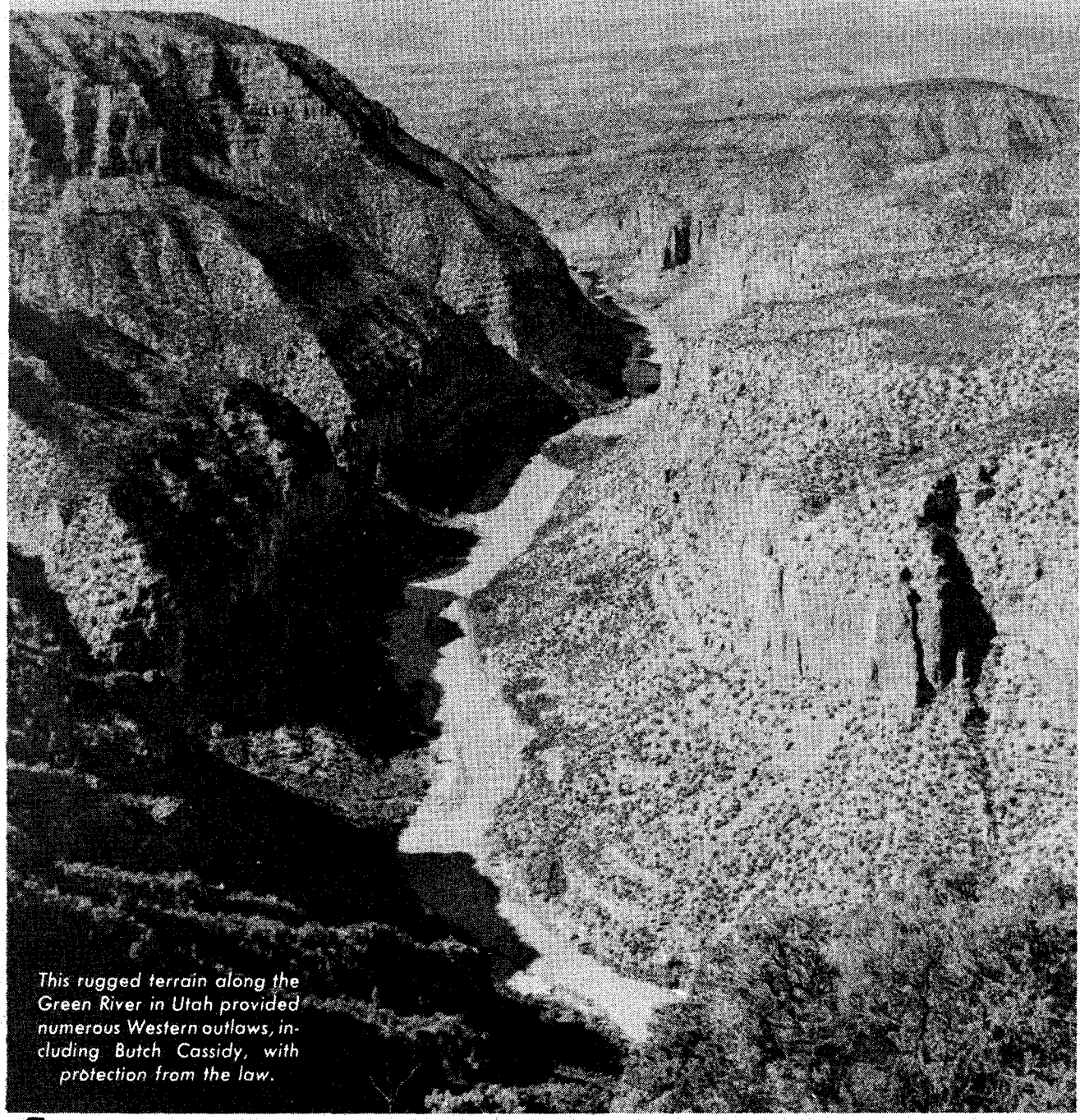
WESTERN OUTLAW:
Bad Guy Or Victim?

by Dell Isham



This rugged terrain along the Green River in Utah provided numerous Western outlaws, including Butch Cassidy, with protection from the law.

Tons of material have been written about the "Bad guys" and "Good guys" of the Old West. As in real life, closer inspection reveals that the lines were not that clearly drawn. The "Bad guys" were not always that bad, or at least they had good reasons to be bad. And the "Good guys" were not always that good.

Possibly those who survived frontier conflicts were the only ones able to retell the western tales and so naturally called themselves the "Good guys" and those they smoked or lynched became the "Bad guys." In other words, "Dead men tell no tales."

Western writers need to take a whole new look at the elements of good and evil in the Old West. At least maybe the subject deserves some reconsideration.

Let's take the example of the cattle rustler:

* * * * *

The completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869 ushered in a new era in westward expansion. Millions of acres previously bypassed were opened to development. Many people who considered themselves pioneers could now take the railroad to their frontier homes instead of making the long journey by ox-drawn covered wagon. The Union Pacific Railroad brought a dozen towns to southern Wyoming where previously there had been none.

The railroad made ranching easily

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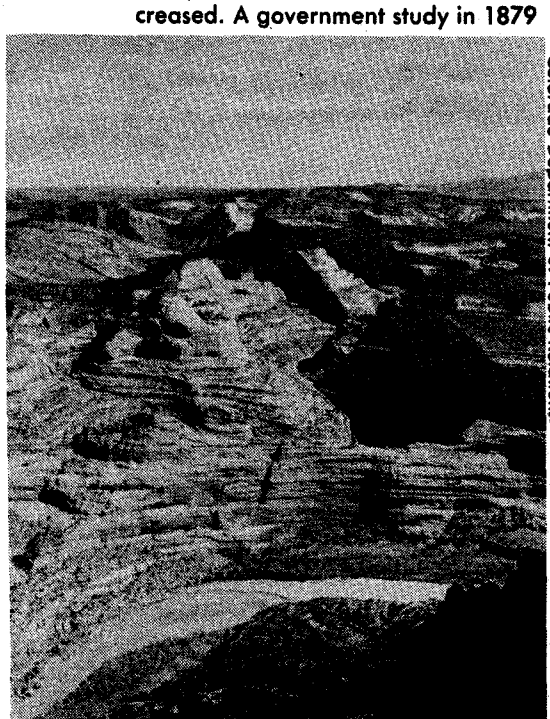
profitable. Large numbers of cowboys, attracted from the wilder elements of frontier society, were hired to tend the vast herds on the "open ranges." The open ranges were "open" in name only. Wealthy and powerful cattle barons claimed all the public domain for their own benefit. The attitude of the large cattle operators turned many an ambitious small rancher to lawlessness. The steps from branding mavericks to branding someone else's calves to altering brands to outright rustling of entire cattle herds were short and easy. A generation of cattle thieves quickly emerged, the likes of which was never seen before or since. Many rustlers, probably most, were merely attempting to get a foothold on the range and become established ranchers themselves. A few even succeeded at this method of becoming respectable ranchers.

Many others became caught in a life pattern of criminality from which they rarely escaped. Some advanced from rustling to bigger things, such as holding up trains and robbing banks. The frontier citizenry often applauded the dashing outlaws who took vengeance on monopolistic railroads and land-grabbing banks. The outlaws often shared their wealth with the poor. This generosity not only performed a social service but also bought the bandits sympathetic support from the people.

As the users of the range land multiplied, conflict and violence increased. A government study in 1879



Colorado Department of Public Relations.

Western outlaws found refuge in these inaccessible canyons near the Wyoming - Utah Colorado border.

Colorado Department of Public Relations.

Near the remote Yampa River in Northwestern Colorado, pictured here, there lived as many cattle rustlers as honest ranchers before the turn of the century.

related what was obvious to the frontier resident: "Away from settlements the shotgun is the only law." The topography of the Rocky Mountain and Southwest regions, with high mountain ranges, wide deserts, inaccessible canyons and unexplored wilderness, aided elusive outlaws. Juries, usually composed of settlers, often sympathized with the outlaws because they were familiar with the highhanded methods of big ranchers, the railroad, and other powerful interests. Feeling the courts were treating them unfairly, the cattle barons used their wealth to hire their own law and order. Their sharpshooting gunmen were referred to as "range detectives" in polite conversation. The aspiring small rancher had little or no protection from the law on the sparsely populated ranges, and the big ranchers had good reason not to have much faith in the court system dominated by settlers. The result was open - range anarchy.

The big ranchers had the comforts and protection that money could buy. For the small-rancher-turned-outlaw it was a miserable life. Matt Warner, a man who rode the outlaw trail from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Northwest for nearly twenty years before turning solid citizen had this to say about his fugitive years: "In the daytime we would sweat, fry or sizzle under the hot desert sun, or ride for whole days with our clothes soaking wet in rainy weather. We would sleep in wet clothes on cold nights under one saddle blanket. It didn't make any difference if one of us got sick, or nearly died with rheumatism or toothache, or got his leg broken: he had to grit his teeth and trail right along anyway. No doctors or nurses or warm beds for him. If he died, he died, just like a horse or dog along the trail, and didn't receive any more burial than they would, and his body would be eaten by the coyotes."

Nearly three quarters of a century ago, the noted American historian, Frederick Jackson Turner, before the American Historical Association, delivered the most famous and influential paper on the study of the American frontier. His speech and later writings became known as the "frontier thesis." The famous historian said that the frontier had a significant effect on American institutions and character. He claimed, the "most important effect of the frontier has been in the promotion of democracy." The early American West was a place of "complete democracy," he wrote positively. More recent historians have found much to criticize in the Turner thesis. Certainly, "survival of the fittest" was the order for many frontiersmen, not democracy.

"Outlaws" were often small ranchers trying to survive. The big ranchers were the ones left to retell the tales. ●RW

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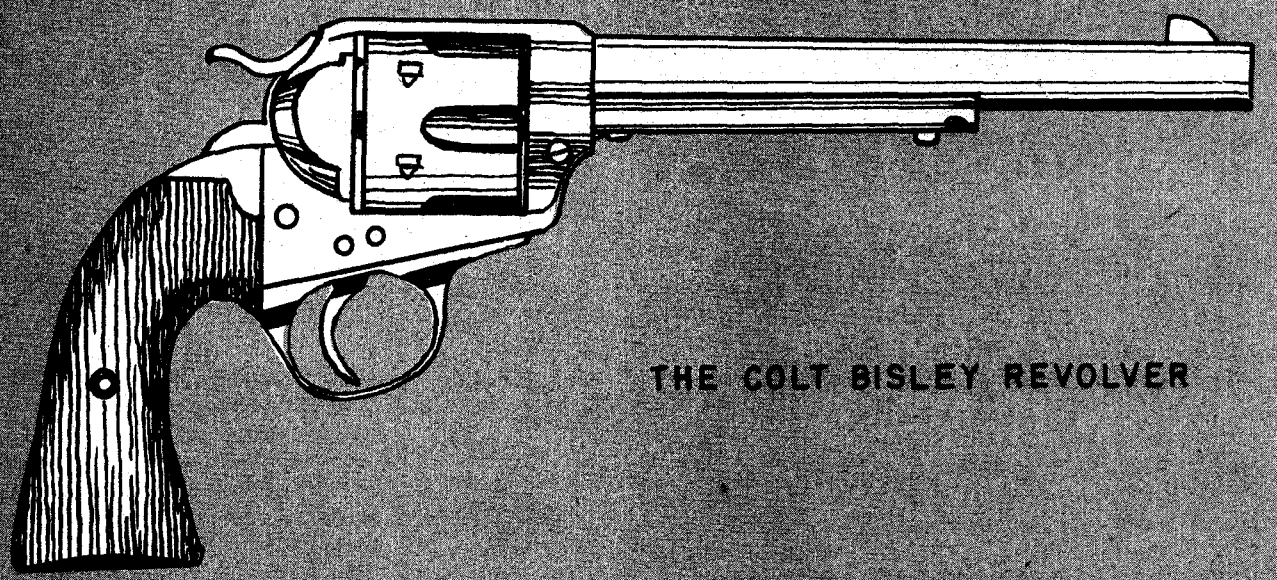
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



THE COLT BISLEY REVOLVER

So popular was the big Colt Single - Action Army revolver in the nineteenth century West, that the manufacturer introduced several later variations of it. One of these was the "flat top" model with special sights, designed for target shooting. It was a fine revolver and is now a rare collector's item. However, the "Flat top" model was not the arm of the Indian wars or of the average westerner, so we will not cover it in this department.

It was a different story with another variation of the single - action. This was the Bisley model. Although only some 45,000 were made of this type, it was immediately preferred by some users. This was particularly true in the West, due to its size, and especially by men with large hands, who appreciated its longer grip.

The Bisley Colt was introduced in 1896 and manufactured only until 1912. Out of each forty-five Bisleys made, approximately, one was a target model. All the rest were standard "belt" guns.

It was partly the advent of practical double - action revolvers which caused the Bisley to have such a short life. Then, also, the regular Single - Action Army and Frontier revolvers were firmly established in the affections of many westerners.

However, this unusual looking single - action was a fine, powerful arm. No collection of Colts is complete without one, and it definitely deserves a place in this series on famous western firearms.

The Colt Bisley model took its name from the Bisley target range in England, then a mecca for shooters from all over the world. The name was selected by the Colt people without the sanction of the famous range, but in each of the first several years, the majority of the matches there were won with the Bisley model!

This revolver was identical to the standard single - action mechanically, except for the longer mainspring having a forked end for a stirrup on the hammer, instead of the standard arm's roller bearing at the point of mainspring pressure. Having been introduced in 1896, all Bisley frames were made from improved steel. The cylinder pin was always held by the transverse spring latch of later single - actions.

The big difference in the Bisley was the deeper frame, giving more length to the grip. then the hammer was a totally new shape, as will be seen in our illustration. It had a lower, more modern profile, and was much wider. The trigger also was twice the width of the slender single - action trigger, giv-

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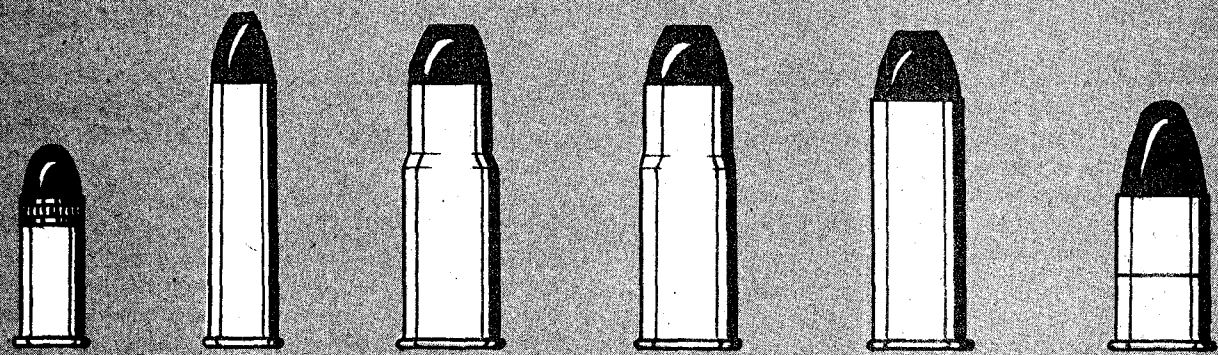
COLT BISLEY REVOLVER



Sketched by author

ing better control of both cocking and firing.

Calibers of the Bisley were similar to the variety available in the earlier model. They ranged from the .32 short Colt cartridge to the big .455 Eley ammunition. Included were the popular standard calibers of the day, such as .32-20, .38-40, .44-40 and .45 Colt (four very popular cartridges in the West).

One trick that soon caught on was the mixing of single - action parts with Bisley parts. Various compromises were developed by individual owners, such as a Bisley hammer and trigger with a single - action grip (though some of these mixtures required gunsmithing and some alteration of parts to fit).

John E. Parsons, a leading authority on the Colt single - action, tells us that the Bisley was favored by some shooters because it could be cocked without losing the position of one's hand upon the grip. Also, the higher and straighter back strap of the grip made the recoil come backward more than upward, thus disturbing the aim less.

So we have just a slightly more recent design than that of the venerable single - action, though it is definitely still an "early model" Colt revolver. We have an arm with several points of superiority in shooting and handling, over the other model. But we also have one which was discontinued after only sixteen years.

One must wonder why a model, today so well known, met such a fate. It was a top quality arm, big, accurate, powerful and chambered for the West's most popular cartridges. Why was it rejected in favor of an earlier model, which had an identical action and several technical disadvantages?

We will never fully know the answer. But we have to assume that even a gunfighter was human and may have resisted any change from the familiar and time - tried.

Even though they were a minority, however, we do know that a few thousand westerners did adopt the Bisley. Those few probably liked it.

Today, the occasional old Bisley that is unearthed by collectors is usually found in the West. I've seen them for sale at gun shows, and their current price even in poor condition indicates that they no longer suffer from any unpopularity.

The Bisley Colt "hung right." It did its job. And today it is recognized as a part of western Americana that just wasn't appreciated until it was too late. ●RW

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The black men who went west and became cowboys were just as daring, just as skillful, and did as much to pioneer the west as did men like Goodnight, Chisum, or John Slaughter. The black cowboys probably rode harder, better, and longer because they had to be twice as good to get accepted.

Photo permission of Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Myrtis Dightman, Brahma Bull Rider.

THE INVISIBLE COWBOY

by Sisley Barnes

"If it weren't for my damned black face I'd have been boss of one of these divisions long ago," declared black cowboy Jim Perry, who worked for more than twenty years as rider, roper, and the best cook the old XIT Ranch ever had.

The Negro cowboy was welcomed as a top hand, but rarely did he get to be foreman. Side by side with the white cowboy, he rode the streets of dusty cowtowns, drank in the same smelly saloons, visited the color-blind bawdy

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houses, slept in the same filthy jails, fought Indians and range wars, and was buried on Boot Hill. But throughout the many years of western stories and the many more dollars worth of western movies, the black cowboy has remained amazingly invisible.

Amazing because, after the Civil War, the Negro cowboy played a conspicuously important role in helping the cattlemen of Texas and points West develop their great cattle empires. It is said that he was indispensable, especially on the first long, harsh cattle drives.

"Smokey" William Johnson at the DuSable Museum of African-American History in Chicago.

Author's Photo Collection

One Negro cowboy, whose name is long lost, made the the name "maverick" famous. In 1847, lawyer Samuel A. Maverick accepted 400 head of cattle in payment of a debt. He entrusted them to his slave, a lazy cowboy who neglected them entirely, letting them roam at will, not even branded. Several years later Maverick sold his cattle to A. T. Beauregard, who hunted over several counties trying to herd the roving critters. In desperation he began branding any unbranded cattle he came upon, called them mavericks, and claimed them as his own. Soon, even free roving men were called mavericks.

In 1857, P. R. Mitchell and crew drove 1,200 steers from southern Texas to Chicago. With Mitchell rode a Negro cowboy called Big Mouth Henry, so called because "he was a great singer and could almost charm a bunch of longhorns." With luck, hard work, and the magic of Big Henry's voice, Mitchell managed to swim the herd across the Mississippi just above St. Louis without losing a single head.

When Reconstruction reached Texas, many whites, bitter and just naturally looking for trouble, seemed proud to be called "nigger-killer." Too often Negro cowboys fell victim to "legal" killings. Sam Grant, a mean white outlaw anxious to kill white or black, wounded and almost killed Charlie Siringo, the early cowboy writer. Just in the nick of time Lige, a Negro cowboy, saved Siringo's life.

One of the toughest jobs for any cowboy was hunting for wild cattle in thickets almost too dense for man or beast. Unable to see more than a few feet in any direction, the cowboy had to grope and chop his way through the thorny, thick brush for days, his only supplies being corn bread and dried beef and rope for lassoing the cattle.

Henry Beckwith had the special kind of toughness for such a job. He carried no bedding, sometimes shared his horse's blanket or slept on a pile of dry sticks. He thrived on coffee laced with chili juice. Because he preferred to ride at night, the Mexican cowboys called Beckwith the Coyote.

Pete Staples found his way to Texas before the Civil War and lived in the border country, working as a cowboy among Mexicans and taking part in some of the earliest cattle drives to Kansas. After he married a Mexican woman, he stayed in western Texas, riding as a cowboy and cooking for cow camps. Western writer J. Frank Dobie got many of his lost mine and treasure stories from Staples.

Dobie liked to tell about the tenderfoot black cowboy put on first-night guard duty with instructions to call his relief when the North Star set. The next morning, haggard and droopy-eyed, he rode in to camp to find his relief enjoying a cup of coffee after a good night's sleep. The tenderfoot explained that he had watched the star all night but it never moved. Astronomy is as important to a cowboy as to a sailor.

The cowboy lived a dangerous life — thunderstorms, stampedes, wolves, Indians, even their own horses, some only half-broke, wild and mean. And a wild longhorn had the same respect for men, white or black — none! Always there were rattlesnakes to spook the horses or to bite the wrangler who had to spend more time afoot than the rest of the crew.

The treatment for snake bite was drastic and not always successful. In the early seventies, a Negro wrangler named Dick was bitten on the thumb. In the short time it took him to return to camp, his hand and arm became badly swollen. One of the men grabbed a rusty knife and slashed around the fang marks. Then he cut open a pistol cartridge, poured the powder over the jagged cuts, and lit it with a match. Dick survived both bite and treatment.

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Among ranchers and cowboys little discrimination was shown to the Negro cowboy, except in South Dakota. There he often met extremely unfair discrimination. Even so, one Negro cowboy named Williams, whose specialty was horse breaking, worked for the Lang family in South Dakota, close neighbors to Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt had built a place on the Little Missouri River in 1883, became a cattleman and served as deputy sheriff. He admired Williams's methods in breaking horses — so much, in fact, that he adopted the same methods on his own ranch. Williams did not "bust" horses or break their spirits; he broke them to saddle with kindness and friendship.

One of Charles Goodnight's favorite cowboys was black Bose Ikard. Born a slave in Mississippi in 1847, Bose was brought to Texas at the age of five. He grew up on the Texas frontier, learning to ride and rope and fight. He was so valuable a ranch hand that on the famous four-year-long Goodnight-Loving Trail, he and Goodnight became inseparable. Said Goodnight, "Bose surpassed any man I had in endurance and stamina. There was a dignity, a cleanliness, and a reliability about him that was wonderful. He paid no attention to women. His behavior was very good in a fight, and he was probably the most devoted man to me that I ever had. I have trusted him further than any living man. He was my detective, banker, and everything else in Colorado, New Mexico, and the other wild country I was in. The nearest and only bank was at Denver, and when we carried money I gave it to Bose, for a thief would never think of robbing him — never think of looking in a Negro's bed for money ... the most skilled and trustworthy man I had."

When Bose died in 1929, just a short time before Goodnight's own death, Goodnight erected this marker:

"Bose Ikard
Served with me four years on the Goodnight-Loving Trail, never shirked a duty or disobeyed an order, rode with me in many stampedes, participated in three engagements with Comanches, splendid behavior.
C. Goodnight"

Another black cowboy, Matthew "Bones" Hooks, worked for Charles Goodnight for a while. Only 19 when he first came to the Texas Panhandle in 1886, Hooks was a seasoned cowboy with years of cattle-trail riding that began at the age of 7, when he drove a camp wagon pulled by two oxen.

Widely known for his skill as a bronc buster, Hooks was known and respected as one of the legendary Negro cowboys of the Old West. His continual work to promote interracial cooperation made him a social and civic leader in Amarillo. To exhibit his esteem for others, Hooks sent a single white flower to funerals of pioneer Texans and to world leaders such as Winston Churchill. This custom became his trademark. When he died in 1951, his funeral was attended by Amarillo's leading citizens who covered his casket with single white flowers. The *Amarillo News* began his obituary with these words: "Death came last night to one of the Panhandle's most beloved, most fabulous sons ... who played an important part in the settlement of this area."

Smart cowboys stayed with the cattle business, avoiding saloon brawls and range wars. One of these, Nigger Frank, spent his lifetime wrangling horses for John Chisum. One year he was the only cowboy left on the Chisum spread after the others were lured away at double pay to go with a trail leader.

During the seventies and eighties, a few Negro cowboys were known by everyone in the cattle business. Nigger Add, for instance, was a range boss on the LFD outfit in New Mexico, head of a crew of Texas Negroes. Add and his men worked at being cowboys. They took no part in range wars. According to Howard Thorne, cowboy, songwriter and collector of ballads, Add and his cowboys were respected for their skill with cattle, not Colts, and remembered for their songs, not killings. When news got around that Add was to be married on Christmas day, ranchers for miles around sent him presents. When Add and his bride rode on their wedding day to the freight depot at Roswell, they found nineteen cookstoves waiting for them.

Most Negro cowboys were just ordinary men, neither bad nor good. But Kelly, a member of the tough Print Olive crew, was truly a villain. E.C. Abbott, who rode with Kelly and the Olive hands into Nebraska, wrote later, "Kelly was quite a character. They called him Olive's bad nigger because he was a gunman and fighter himself. The Olives used to send him ahead to talk turkey to the settlers. Some of these fellows would take up a homestead on good water, not to work it, you understand, but just so they could charge the trail hands a big fee ... They would send Kelly, and that big black boy with his gun would sure tell them punkin rollers where to head in at. He'd roll up his eyes like a duck in a thunderstorm and grit his teeth. Most of the settlers were poor Northern folks that had never seen many niggers and was scared of them anyway, and when they saw Kelly they would come down quick enough from twenty dollars to five dollars for watering the herd."

Dodge City in the 1870's.

On a long trail drive the camp cook could make or break a camp. A good cook, a happy camp. John Young told J. Frank Dobie, "The one man in our outfit that I recall most often and most vividly was Sam, the Negro cook. He always had a cheerful word or a cheerful song, and he seemed to have an affection for every one of us. When we camped in the vicinity of brush every cowboy before coming in would rope a chunk of wood and snake it up to the chuck wagon. That wood always made Sam grinning happy whether he needed it or not."

Sam and Jim Perry weren't the only cooks to be remembered on the trail. Zeno, a French Negro cook, baked bread for the crew on a trail ride in 1872. He kept his baking soda

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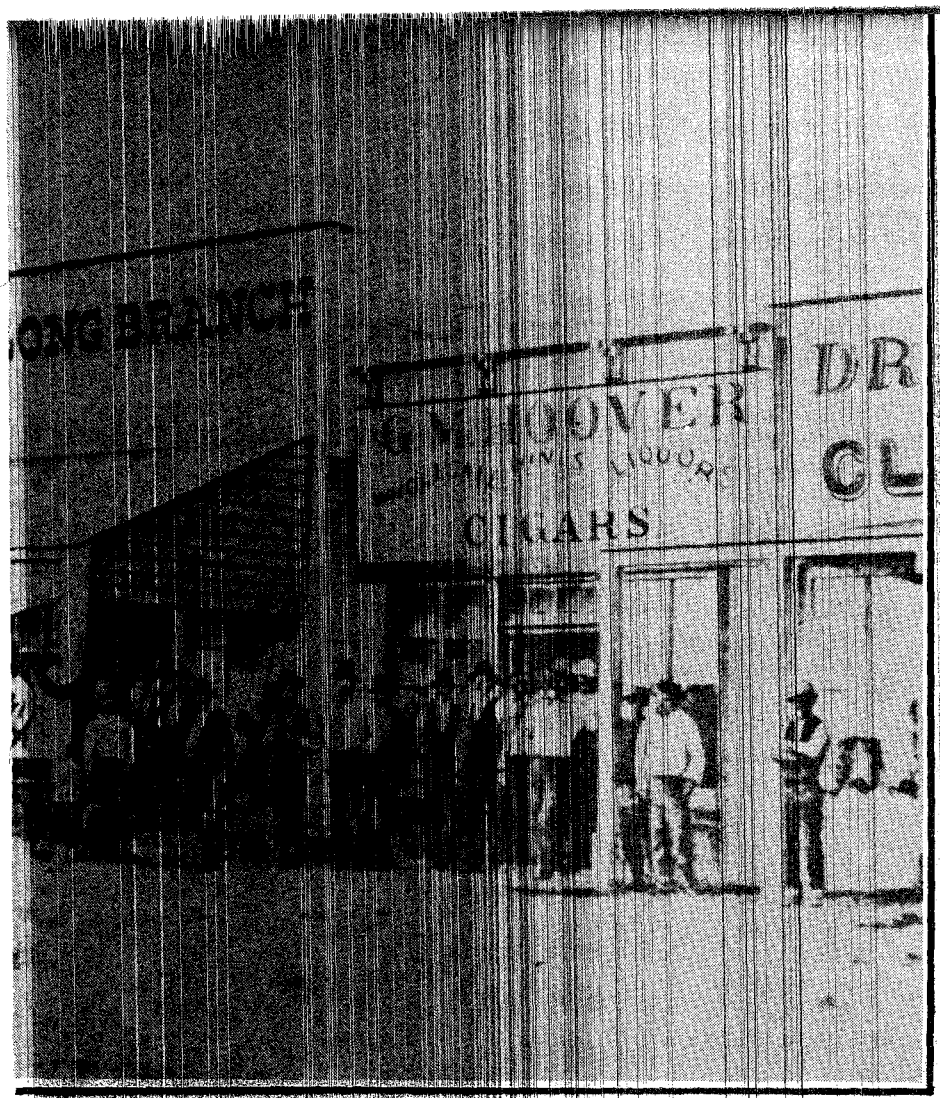

Ford County Historical Society, Dodge City, Kansas

in one wide - mouthed pickle jar and a supply of calomel, the universal medicine, in another jar just like it. He confused the two once when he was baking bread. Wrote one of the victims later, "We were a sick lot, for despite the more than peculiar taste, we ate Zane's bread."

Towards the end of the 19th century, the Apache wars ended, the cattle industry spread into Arizona Territory. There were few Negro cowboys in the early cattle history of Arizona, but one, a big, two - fisted giant named Jim, rode for John Slaughter. Big Jim feared nothing. He was known for his strength and the nerve to back it up. When Frank Leslie, one of Tombstone's notorious killers, tried to jump a mining claim that Jim had staked, Big Jim ran him off. However, on one occasion Jim's strength and courage got him a beating.

In 1884, John L. Sullivan came to Tombstone and offered $500 to any man who could face him for two rounds. Jim, cheered on by all of Tombstone, volunteered. Towering above Sullivan, he made the champ look like a runt. But Jim's brawn was no match for Sullivan's fighting science. In a matter of seconds Jim's flabbergasted friends carried him off feet first, like a ton of coal.

George McJunkin, a good bronc buster and top hand in the 1920's on the old Shoemaker Ranch near Folsom, New Mexico, was a black cowboy remembered by science historians. One day McJunkin followed the trail of straying cattle up a deep arroyo known as Dead Horse Gulch. Glancing at the far side of the arroyo, he noticed some bones sticking out of the bank. Curious, he dug around with his knife and pried up a flint arrowhead, different from any he had ever seen. Word of his find reached Dr. J. D. Figgins, a Colorado paleontologist, who was interested, not in the arrowhead, but in the bones near where the flint was found. He identified the bones as those of an Ice Age bison. This archeological discovery rolled back the history of America a hundred centuries.

Sometimes, just for the hell of it, cowboys tried to outdo one another in riding or roping, but made little effort towards commercial show business until the last few years of the 19th century. In October, 1887, a cowboy tournament was held in Denver, Colorado, where both white and black cowboys competed before a crowd of more than 8,000. Black cowboy Pinto Jim, in a sorrel mounting competition, saddled and mounted his sorrel in thirteen minutes.

In Kansas, big black Sam Johnson bulldogged a Texas longhorn with horns spreading six feet. Those who saw Johnson's performance declared they had seen on of the best cowboy shows ever.

The man who deservedly received credit for being the most outstanding bulldogger and showman was Negro cowboy Bill Pickett. Zack Miller, Pickett's boss, said, "Bill Pickett was the greatest sweat - and - dirt cowhand that ever lived — bar none ... when they turned Bill Pickett out, they broke the mold."

Pickett was no ordinary bulldogger. According to Fred Gipson, Western writer, "The way Bill went at it, he piled out of his saddle onto the head of a running steer, sometimes jumping five or six feet to tie on. He'd grab a horn in each hand and twist them until the steer's nose came up. Then he'd reach in and grab the steer's upper lip with his strong white teeth, throw up his hands to show he wasn't holding any more, and fall to one side of the steer, dragging along beside him till the animal went down."

For several years the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch, with Bill Pickett, put on one of the finest rodeo shows in the world, playing in Chicago, New York, London, and Mexico City.

Once in Mexico City some Mexican bull fighters bet 5,000 pesos that Pickett could not hold on to one of their fighting bulls for five minutes. Pickett took them on. Word spread and the stands were packed. Pickett's horse, used to chasing steers, could not work in close enough. The bull gored the horse's rump, and Pickett, sliding off over the horse's tail grabbed the bull by the horns. "For the next two minutes," according to Fred Gipson's story, "the bull made a whipcracker out of Bill Pickett. He slammed the Negro's body against the arena wall. He threw up his head to sling the clinging man - creature right and left, trying to dislodge him. He whipped him against another wall. He reached with his forefeet and tried to paw him loose. Finally he got down on his knees and drove his sharp horns into the ground, time and again, trying to run Bill through."

Gradually Pickett began to wear down the bull's strength. But after six minutes, when it became evident that

(continued on page 52)

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LIFE IN A CELLAR

(continued from page 29)

and reports of victims. In recent years the number reported shows an upward trend, but it is suspected that this is due to the increase in population density in the past fifty years.

The funnel cloud that can be seen is made up of water droplets mixed with dust and debris. Near the ground, low pressure causes the air to flow in and up, carrying dust and debris away from the ground to form the visual outline of the funnel.

The ominous roar of the tornado can be heard as much as twenty - five miles away. The cause of the great roar is a mystery. One explanation is that sonic velocities of the wind produce shock waves of small amplitude that are heard as a roar. Another explanation, especially of the accompanying hissing sound, is that smaller whirls inside the vortex break away like writhing tails, causing spectacular lightning displays. One such vortex, as viewed from the protection of a cellar and reported to the U.S. Weather Bureau, was described as 50 to 100 feet in diameter and hollow upward to approximately one-half mile, with the walls lighted with zigzag lightning.

Most tornadoes are less than a mile in diameter, many less than 100 yards. They are most often described as resembling an ordinary funnel, although they can have many shapes. Some are shaped like a cylinder, others like a long, narrow, twisted rope, sometimes with a horizontal section. Many of the pendant funnels never reach the ground, but will oscillate up and down several times and finally disappear into the cloud.

Extreme low pressure exists at the center of all tornadoes; however, very few measurements exist, because the funnel doesn't often happen to pass over the Weather Bureau's instruments, and when it does, the winds usually destroy the instruments. The measurements that do exist are subject to question because the barographs don't respond fast enough. An eight-percent fall in barometric pressure has been recorded, but substantially greater falls are suspected due to instrument limitations.

Torrential rain and crop - destroying hail usually occur just before the tornado. To protect the interiors, people close their homes tightly, not realizing they are inviting even worse destruction. The sudden drop in exterior pressure leads to the explosion of tightly closed buildings. An eight - percent fall in barometric pressure could exert as much as sixty - eight tons of outward pressure on an average roof. Then further destruction is caused by extreme high winds that blow away anything in their path.

The most striking feature of tornadoes is the wind velocity. Maximum speeds have never been recorded due to the destruction of the anemometers. Wind speeds have been estimated at 400 mph, and it is believed that peak velocity may be close to the speed of sound.

When families living in this tornado belt gather, the conversation will eventually turn to twisters, with stories of terrible disasters, amazing feats and hilariously funny incidents. Many a farmer has been ruined when a tornado has stripped his crops, leaving behind devastated fields, and at the same time leaving the neighbor's milk cow bawling on the barn roof.

I remember the first time I felt the tension of the grown-up's fear of tornadoes. We were in town that Saturday, doing the weekly 'trading.' The cream and eggs had been sold, and Mama was carefully making her selections for purchase at the general store while we kids played tag up and down the aisles. Periodically the leisurely gossip of the women was interrupted with scolding rambunctious kids or breaking up spat-fights. Then, with the suddenness of lightning, the word 'twister' swept through the store, a live thing, electrifying the air. Momentary stillness engulfed the grown-ups; the smell of their fear silenced the children. Then an urgency of action swept everyone out of the building and into their Model-Ts, buggies, and wagons.

Dusty gravel kicked up from the rear wheels as Dad made a U-turn from the curb and careened our old touring car wildly down Birch Street toward Aunt Margaret's house. In the backseat, we kids tumbled over each other, squealing in frightened glee, innocently loving the excitement.

Aunt Margaret and Uncle Ben were waiting by the cellar door, knowing full well that we'd soon arrive. "Get in the cellar!" Mama shouted, trying to pull all of us out of the car at the same time.

The tornado skirted the town that day, venting its anger on pasture land and a stretch of woods along the river bank, then disappeared into the clouds, leaving the town safe once more.

Time and distance haven't dimmed Mama's fear of the wind, although in the stories she tells today, the twisters are bigger and more terrible than any I saw in my youth. My sisters and I smile indulgently. Our memories are of spending half our life in the cellar.

●RW

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MORE LIKE SUNDAY

(continued from page 41)

end the "Wyoming Experiment" once and for all.

Introduced by a Cheyenne delegate, House Bill 4 — the bill to repeal suffrage — passed both Houses and was sent to Governor Campbell.

"To repeal the bill ... would advertise to the world that women in their enfranchisement had not justified the acts of members of the previous session which granted them suffrage ... such an imputation would be false and untenable," wrote Campbell in his lengthy veto.

Newspapers entered the argument. Bill Nye, well-known humorist and editor of the *Laramie Boomerang,* concluded an essay on the subject with an imaginary speech delivered on the floor of the legislature. Speaking is Elias Kilgore, retired stage driver: "It's — funny to me that woman who suffers most in order that man may come into the world, the one, Mr. Speaker, that is first to find and last to forsake Him, first to hush the cry of a Baby Savior in a Jim Crow livery stable in Bethlehem and last to leave the Cross, first at the sepulchre and last to doubt the Lord, should be interested with the souls and bodies of generations and yet not know enough to vote."

Despite the governor's veto, the House again passed the bill by a two-thirds vote. In the Council, however, the bill was lost by a strict party vote, five to four. And so honors were even: Democrats gave Wyoming women their enfranchisement in 1869 and Republicans in 1871 preserved for them this privilege.

Never again was woman suffrage threatened from within the Territory nor were there attempts to repeal it, though the idea of women on the jury was not on firm ground. Judge Howe's successor declared jury duty not an adjunct to suffrage, and Wyoming women did not serve again on juries until 1950.

History reveals no clear-cut reasons for Wyoming's being the first to adopt woman suffrage. Some historians suggest the idea may have begun as a joke, but there is little to support that theory. It may have been an attempt to attract more women to the area. Most likely, passage of the suffrage bill was considered good advertising for the new and sparsely populated Territory.

Wyoming State Archives and Historical Dept.

Commemorative stamp issued for 50th Anniversary of Wyoming Statehood.

Both Nebraska and Dakota Territorial Legislatures had nearly succeeded in passing similar bills. If Wyoming had not done so, first honors would have gone to the neighboring state of Utah.

As Bill Nye quipped in his essay, "Petticoats at the Polls," "We can't tell what the Territory would have been without female suffrage but when they began to hang men by law instead of by moonlight, the future began to brighten up." ● **RW**

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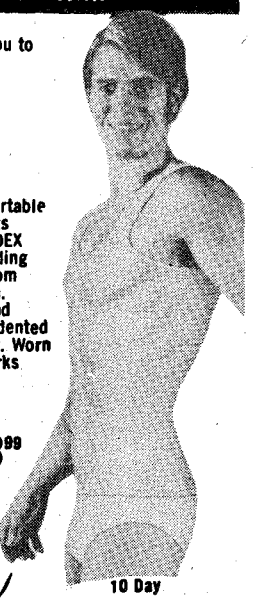

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INVISIBLE COWBOY

(continued from page 49)

the timer had no intentions of ringing the bell, the Miller hands rode into the ring and roped the bull. Bill Pickett survived to perform several years later in a special show arranged for England's royalty.

When World War I put an end to the Miller Brothers Shows, Zack Miller and Bill Pickett returned to ranching. One day Pickett, then in his seventies, was trying to cut out some horses. One big sorrel gave Bill trouble by rearing and plunging. Old Bill wasn't as fast as he used to be. One of the horse's hoofs grazed the side of Bill's head, knocking him to the ground. He was stomped on and kicked, finally lying there with a fractured skull. Eleven days later, on April 2, 1932, Bill Pickett died. His boss and friend, Colonel Zachary Miller, was credited with writing this epitaph: "Old Bill has died and gone away, over the 'Great Divide.' Gone to a place where the preachers say both saint and sinner will abide. If they 'check his brand' like I think they will, it's a runnin' hoss they'll give to Bill. And some good wild steers till he gets his fill. And a great big crowd for him to thrill."

On December 9, 1971, in Oklahoma City, Bill Pickett was enshrined in the National Rodeo Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center — the first black cowboy to be inducted into the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Soon a display case containing Pickett's mementos will be placed in Rodeo Hall.

Existing records show only a few Negro cowboys, probably because in those days, just like today, the only real news was murder, theft and riot, The Negro cowboy just wasn't that type. Modern scientific ranching has merged the cowboy with the hired hand who wears muddy boots for work and highly polished fancy boots to town on Saturday night.

Today the cowboy is "real" only in the movie industry and on the rodeo circuit. Western pictures are tops with young and old alike. During Rodeo Days whole towns play cowboy. Bank clerks, waitresses, gas station attendants — all masquerade as cowboys and cowgirls.

In these games that people play, the Negro has little part. In a recent annual "Rodeo of Rodeos" in Peoenix, Arizona, out of 439 rodeo cowboys competing for $50,000 in prizes , there was only one black performer — Myrtis Dightman.

Dightman, 38 years old and a top bull rider, began his career at the age of 22 as a rodeo clown, one of the most dangerous professions in the sport. Then came stints as bronco rider and steer wrestler, and finally bull rider. Dightman has suffered broken bones, innumerable bruises and muscle strains from being slammed against arena walls.

"I ride bulls 'cause I don't like to work," he once said. He travels hundreds of miles each week by car or plane all over, even in the deep south. He claims there is no racial discrimination at rodeos. His formula for success — "Just get on the bull and try hard." In the summer of 1967, Dightman split $400 with two imposters on the television program "To Tell the Truth."

On May 8, 1971, two black cowboys, Don Daniels, 25, and Terry Sims, 19, left Phoenix, Arizona, on horseback heading for New York. The main reason for their cross - country ride was to collect donations for a black cowboy museum. After nearly four months in the saddle and many setbacks, they completed their ride, somewhat disillusioned.

"We just wanted to show that in earlier times the black man did something for the country's development," Sims said.

"Smokey" William Johnson, 70, spent most of his life traveling the rodeo circuit. Born and raised in Longview, Texas, Smokey learned how to handle horses, ride bulls and pop whips. When he was 20, he was offered a job with a rodeo. From then on he "never did nothin' but rodeos." At age 55 he was still bulldoggin'.

"I'm proud to say I worked with Bill Pickett and lived with him at the 101 Ranch," says Smokey.

A living link with a little - known past, Smokey is now a volunteer at the DuSable Museum of African - American History in Chicago. There he stages "whip poppin" demonstrations for visiting children and tells them what it's like to rope a calf and ride a bull. They like that, and so does Smokey.

Americans no longer hold that just because their Western stories did not include Negro cowboys, there were none. Myrtis Dightman, besides being featured in a famous - name Western boot advertisement, helps Cliff Robertson tell it like it was in the movie *J.W. Coop.* And the movie *The Soul of Nigger Charley,* filmed in Arizona, was an all-black Western.

●RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

Navajo live.

The Navajo learned the art of silversmithing from the Mexicans who lived just north of Acoma, so it is possible the Acoma Indians learned the art of silversmithing as early as 1870. Jose Platero learned the craft from his father-in-law, around 1890, and in 1891 a photo was taken of Juan Luhan, nicknamed Musico by the Spanish, making silver.

Most of the silver worn by the Acoma today is made by the Navajo or Zuni. Much Navajo silver is traded to the Acoma at Laguna during the fiesta in exchange for fruit and melons.

As early as 1870 the Laguna Pueblo also made silver, but never in the quantity of the other Pueblos. The Isleta Pueblo also made small amounts of silver and is the only Pueblo, other than the Zuni, which still makes jewelry in the traditional style. The most interesting pieces of silver made at Isleta were the necklaces with silver crosses. These necklaces were also at times interspersed with coral or jet, along with the silver and crosses. Some of these had fifty beads to a strand to represent the rosary beads, and might have a doubled-barred type of cross, with a sacred heart, hanging from it.

Many of the Pueblos made their silver in baroque designs like the Mexicans, and it is hard to tell the early pieces apart, or just who made a specific piece.

While the Navajo pawned their silver, the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande never did. Fine old pieces of this silver, many of Navajo type obtained through trade, are still to be found among the heirlooms in the possession of some families. And it often takes more than money to separate some of these pieces from the Rio Grande Indians.

In 1893, Ralph Atencio was one of the first members of the Santo Domingo Pueblo to learn silversmithing from a white jeweler who had a shop in Santa Fe. The Indians of Santa Domingo have large quantities of Navajo silver due to the fact that every summer they would take turquoise beads over to the Navajo country and trade them for the silver the Navajo might be wearing.

Silversmithing began at Santa Clara in 1880 where a Mexican *platero* had been living near San Ildefonso making up silver for members of that Pueblo. Three members of the Santa Clara tribes learned the art. It then spread to San Ildefonso, Sia and Taos, and was taken up, in 1890. at Santa Ana.

In the Eastern Pueblos, the craft of silversmithing followed the same pattern, with first a few men learning the art, then more of the tribe taking up the craft.

The Zuni and Navajo prefer the clear, deep robin-egg blue turquoise. To them it is the male turquoise, while the less rare greenish stone is the female turquoise. The best grade of stone comes from Nevada, with some from Colorado, and is shipped to Gallup and surrounding regions. Some of the inferior stones mined in Arizona were shipped to Germany, dyed a deep blue color and shipped back to the southwest to be set in silver by Indian silversmiths. Some stones can be given a deeper blue by soaking them in grease, but if left out in the sun, the grease will sweat out. Turquoise can be produced synthetically in a laboratory, even to the simulated veining of matrix.

The best turquoise is a deep blue, the softer stones of lighter blue or greenish cast will become dull with time. Most of the stones having a high polish and evenness are not the work of the native Indian, who uses crude tools for his art.

Silver and turquoise jewelry is now very popular and expensive, being worn not only by Indian men and women, but by men and women of all races and nationalities. ●RW

BUSTER CRABBE

(continued from page 22)

star in a TV series called "Captain Gallant," which was about the adventures of the Foreign Legion. His comedian sidekick was Fuzzy Knight, and also appearing was Buster's teenage son, Cullen. All the shooting for this series was done in North Africa.

After filming was concluded, Buster returned to make a number of films for Republic, United Artists and Warner Bros., his last picture being *Gunfighter of Abilene.*

In all, Buster turned out nine action - packed serials in his colorful career ... his last being *King of the Congo* for Columbia Pictures in 1952 ... Buster Crabbe, "King of the Talking Serials." ●RW

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BANDIT HIDEOUT

(continued from page 34)

White held a conference. "It will take more than what we have to capture that fort," Bruner said. "We may be here for several days. We'll send to Tahlequah for more men and grub. The siege may last a week."

A twenty-man posse arrived at the canyon with enough provisions for a week. With the additional men an early evening attack was made. It was no more successful than the first. Five of the posse were killed by the lethal fire coming from the fort.

And out of the fort came the taunting voice of Ned Christie. "Blast us out, you varmints. We got food and water for a month, and when that gives out, you won't catch us. We got plenty of ways to escape."

"The skunk is right," Tolbert said. "We can't take the fort by a frontal attack, and the flanks are protected by the cliffs. We'll have to blast them out. There's an old Civil War cannon in Tahlequah. Jim Brand was an artillery man in the war and he can still fire that cannon pretty accurately. There's a good supply of cannon balls, and we can also use nails and bolts. It might break the walls of the fort down."

That night twenty men pulled and dragged the old cannon over the narrow cliff trail. When morning came, the cannon was pointed at the fort. The posse was ready to charge when the cannon blasted holes in the logs.

They never charged. The cannon balls bounced off the heavy logs like rubber balls. The nails and bolts sank a few inches into the logs and did no damage.

The voice of Ned Christie came from the fort: "Fire all you want, you dirty rats. You couldn't knock a thin soldier down with that cannon."

Heck Bruner said to Tolbert, "We'll have to do something and do it fast. Christie and his men have escape tunnels out of the rear of the fort. Christie will put up a fight for a while, and then he and his men will flee. We might catch them once they are out of the fort, but the odds are going to be against us."

"How can we blast those logs?" Tolbert asked.

"With dynamite," Bruner answered. "Send to Tahlequah for every stick of dynamite in town and the rear wheels of an old wagon."

"Great idea, Heck," Tolbert said, "But how are you getting the dynamite across the clearing without those killers in the fort blowing it to the skies?"

"That's my problem," Bruner replied. "Get the dynamite and I'll get it to the fort."

Bruner's plan seemed like pure suicide to Pat Tolbert and the others, but they didn't argue with Heck Bruner. While men went to Tahlequah for dynamite and the rear wheels of a wagon, others spent the night cutting through the underbrush clearing, get close enough to give impetus so it would go the remainder of the way down the slight hill before the fort.

The cannon roared and the crackle of rifle fire was deafening. Two men put their shoulders to the wagon wheels to get them started. The wheels rattled and bumped, and there was only Heck Bruner behind, pushing and crouching low.

The men in the fort suddenly saw this strange contraption. At first they were puzzled and couldn't make out what it was. This gave Bruner a chance to get the wheels well onto the clearing. Then the rifle fire was where the wagon wheels could, be pushed until they and the dynamite got to the clearing.

The men in Tahlequah gathered enough dynamite to blow a hole through the cliff. Heck Bruner had the dyanmite on the wagon wheels, and logs were strapped to the wheels to give some protection for the explosives.

Tolbert and Captain White pleaded with Heck Bruner. "You're going to your death, Heck, with that crazy idea."

"Know any other way we can get Christie?" Bruner asked. "Don't forget, he killed Dan Maples and he'll either get me or I'll get him."

The plan of attack with the dynamite was simple. The old cannon was to keep up its feeble barrage while the other members of the posse were sending a heavy fire at the fort. Bruner was to push the wagon wheels and the dynamite down to the

Author's Photo Collection

Posse who routed the Ned Christie gang in the Battle of the Rabbit Trap. Standing are Wes Bauman, Abe Allen, John Tolbit, Bill Smith and Tom Johnson. Seated are Dave Rusk, Heck Bruner, Paden Colbert, Charles Copeland and Capt. G.S. White.

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directed at him and his weird carriage. The bullets cut through the logs. The dynamite was in a gunny sack well below the wheels, and one bullet striking it would send Heck Bruner to Hades.

A bullet hit Bruner in the shoulder. He kept pushing the wagon wheels closer and closer to the incline in front of the fort. Another bullet got him in the leg. He went down but came up weakly.

He was at the beginning of the incline. A bullet got Bruner in the chest. He went down, flat on his face.

The explosion that followed shook the earth and the hills, as rocks and splinters from the blasted logs rained down on Heck Bruner. In his last moment of consciousness he heard the posse yelling as they charged for the fort. There wasn't much left of it. The dynamite had blown a gaping hole in the heavy logs.

Out of the hole came Ned Christie, stumbling awkwardly, all his clothes blown from his body. He staggered only a few feet and fell dead. Seven bodies of his men were found in the fort. The corpse of Archie Wolf was never found and it was believed he had escaped.

Heck Bruner was taken to a hospital in Fayetteville. A month later he walked out of the place completely recovered to continue his career as a marshal who ranked with the best in the West.

Newspapers over the country carried the story of the Battle of the Rabbit Trap with screaming headlines. The *Kansas City Times* gave it two pages, and the *New York Herald* carried a page feature.

This had a bad kickback for U. S. Marshal Youse and his deputies. Crooks from all parts of the West, having read of Christie's fort, flocked to the Cookson Hills, using them as a hiding place. Things got so bad in the late 1890's that a traveling court was sent into the hills to convict the criminals. This didn't work and the army was called out. They had no more success than the traveling court.

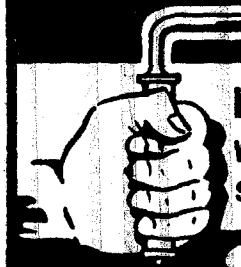
When the hoodlums of the Thirties took over the hills, the State of Oklahoma and the Federal Government moved to wipe out the Cookson Hills as a criminal hide-out.

Great areas were flooded with lakes, and today it is a national playground for sportsmen and their families. Once where six-guns roared and men died, today children laugh and play. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Contemporary newspaper accounts

BURIED TREASURE



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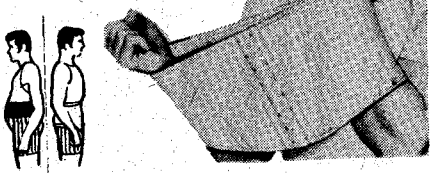

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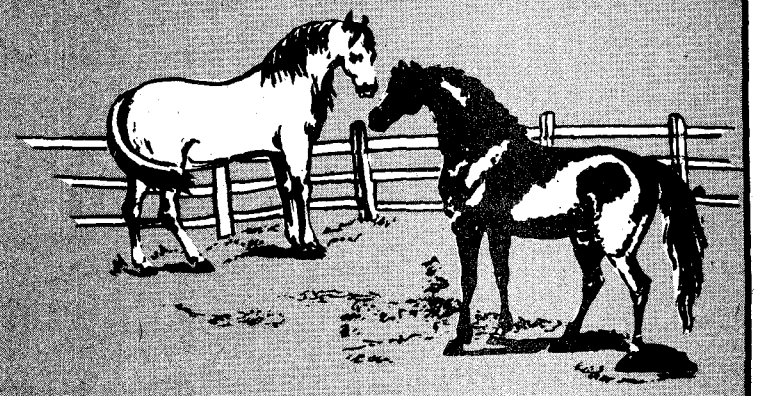
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

HARD TIMES IN SOUTH DAKOTA

There are 2,500 people in Minor County, South Dakota, who are depending upon outside aid to enable them to survive the winter.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
December 21, 1889

SAN FRANCISCO JUDGE FINES HIMSELF

There was a curious scene in a court at Oakland, California, a few days since. The judge had been guilty of drunkenness and on taking his seat on the Bench lectured himself, in presence of a large crowd, for breaking a city ordinance, pledged himself to resign if it occurred again, imposed a fine of fifty dollars, and paid it to the bailiff.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
December 21, 1889

AVALANCHE IN IDAHO

Tremendous avalanches recently almost entirely obliterated the village of Burke in Idaho. In Oregon great damage has been done by floods caused by melting snows.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 22, 1890

"NO MAN'S LAND" ANNEXED BY TEXAS

"No Man's Land" will soon cease to be an asylum for criminals. Attorney - General Miller has decided that it is embraced in the Eastern Judicial District of Texas.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 22, 1890

CHINESE AND OPIUM SMUGGLED INTO U.S.

It is said that cargoes of Chinamen and opium are landed at Victoria, B.C., and smuggled across the border into the United States. This smuggling business is very profitable to the ship owners, and is attended by very little risk. Chinese merchants pay as high as $50 per capita for transportation for coolies, and the profit on opium smuggled into the United States is enormous. Thirty Celestials constitute a consignment for an ordinary sloop, and the usual quantity of opium necessary to fill out the cargo insures a profit of over $2,000 to the owner for a trip consuming not more than twelve hours' time.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 22, 1890

"NO MAN'S LAND"
TO BECOME PART OF OKLAHOMA

The bill providing a territorial government in Oklahoma, recently passed by the United States Senate, was amended, so as to include, "No Man's Land" in the Territory, which under the circumstances, seems to have been a decidedly curious proceeding. This strip of land is 125 miles distant from Oklahoma, and is separated from it by the Cherokee strip — the two having, therefore, no geographical relations or community of interests. The only ground upon which the annexation can be justified is found in the probability that the Cherokee strip may soon become Government property by purchase, thus removing all difficulties in the way of communicating between the two parts of the Territory as consolidated. "No Man's Land", it will be remembered, has been the cause of much embarrassment to Congress for many years. It is 167 miles long, thirty-four and one-half miles wide, and has neither civil nor Territorial nor any other kind of government at present.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
March 1, 1890

INDIANS HARD HIT BY DISEASE

The grip (sic) has been particularly fatal among the Indian tribes of the West. Among the Shawnees in Indian Territory nearly all of the children under six years of age died in one week.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
March 1, 1890

GENERAL CROOK DIES

The recent death of Major-General Crook, at the Grand Pacific Hotel in this city, recalls his splendid services in the suppression of Indian outbreaks. During the late war of the rebellion he was also an aggressive, vigorous, successful soldier. He had served in the army for over forty years, and his ill-health was believed to have been caused by the suffering and prolonged exposure in his famous Indian campaigns. He was one of the few notably able men who survived long after the war, and his death reminds us that the brave soldiers who saved the nation in its time of peril are disappearing, one after another, leaving their heroism as precious legacy to the American people.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
April 5, 1890

SHOOTING AT STANDING ROCK INDIAN RESERVATION

At the Standing Rock Indian Agency, North Dakota, recently, an Indian called No Water, who had been rejected by a half - breed Indian Irish girl, shot her fatally, wounded an Indian who sought to defend her, and then killed himself.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
April 5, 1890

STATUE OF MARSHALL UNVEILING IN CALIFORNIA

A fine statue of Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, was recently unveiled at Coloma. It overlooks the historic millrace where the first gold was found. It represents Marshall, in a prospector's costume pointing toward the spot where he made the memorable discovery that changed the history of California.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
May 17, 1890

A FILIBUSTER EXPECTED IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

President Diaz, of Mexico, is not at all alarmed at the prospect of a filibustering invasion of Lower California. His government has a sufficient force there to repel invader;

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the people are a unit against filibustering, and he believes, moreover, that the United States will not permit neutrality to be violated.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 14, 1890

FREMONT'S WIDOW NOT IN WANT

The country will be gratified to learn that the stories which allege the widow of General John C. Fremont to be in actual poverty are entirely unfounded. It is well known that General Fremont was not, as the Yankees say, forehanded, and he died without having made provision for his family. There has never been a time, however, when they were in real want. A son of Mrs. Fremont is an officer in the army, and another a lieutenant in the navy, and both have contributed to the comfort of the mother and sister, who, from considerations of health, reside in California. The House of Representatives has passed a bill giving a pension to Mrs. Fremont, and it is understood that she may have restored to her a certain tract of land in San Francisco, which the Government seized and used for a military reservation, but the title to which is said to rest in her.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
October 11, 1890 ●RW

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

he helped construct one or more wooden, covered bridges, and it's possible one of these bridges is still preserved, as I saw facts and information on this during the past year. A well-known attorney, Wm. M. Hamilton of Wenatchee, Wash., had his house burn down several months ago and lost many valuable relics and antiques in the fire.

Included in the loss were several original volumes on the history of General and later President Grant. These books were priceless and can not be replaced; this was a severe loss to Mr. Hamilton. Another general mentioned in this story was General Winfield Scott. It just happens that a retired barber named Winfield Scott (Scotty to his friends) lives at 405 Okanogan Ave. in Wenatchee, Wash., and he told me his parents named him after this famous general. Scotty is about 81 years old and still quite active. He was born in Ontario Canada and served in the Canadian Army in World War I and was a machine gunner at the famous Battle of Vimy Ridge, where a "Heinie" bullet put him out of action. It's quite possible that this Winfield Scott is a direct relative of that famous general.

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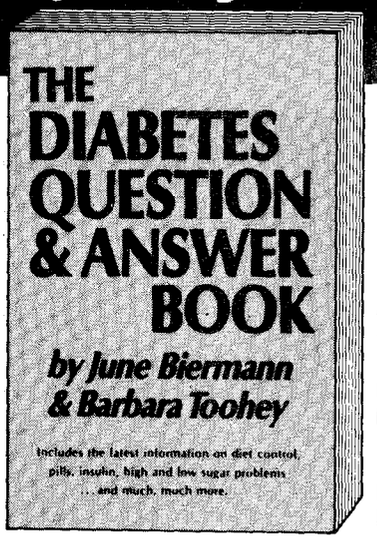

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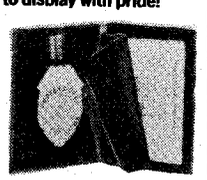

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DONNER PARTY

(continued from page 12)

to the settlements the best way he could. He had no choice, and after a tearful farewell to his family, Reed rode out on "Glaucus" into the unknown mountains ahead of him. Either Virginia Reed, or possibly Will Eddy, caught up with him to give him a small parcel of food, his rifle and some shells. But the most able and capable member of the train had been driven out, another act of folly that was to have serious consequences in a very short time.

Like an avalanche, events from here on seemed to hurtle the emigrants towards disaster. As luck turned against them, they turned on each other, refusing to share their food and water, abandoning the weak and old to their fates. From the brackish pools of the Humboldt River to the sandy sink where the river disappears is a distance of three hundred miles, but there is good grass and water along this stretch. Then, at last, the cold, rushing Truckee River — named for an Indian chief who had befriended an earlier wagon train. Now the emigrants plodded on upward towards the granite mountain mass with the slash of pewter - gray that was the pass to California. If the snows would only hold off for a week or so, they could make it.

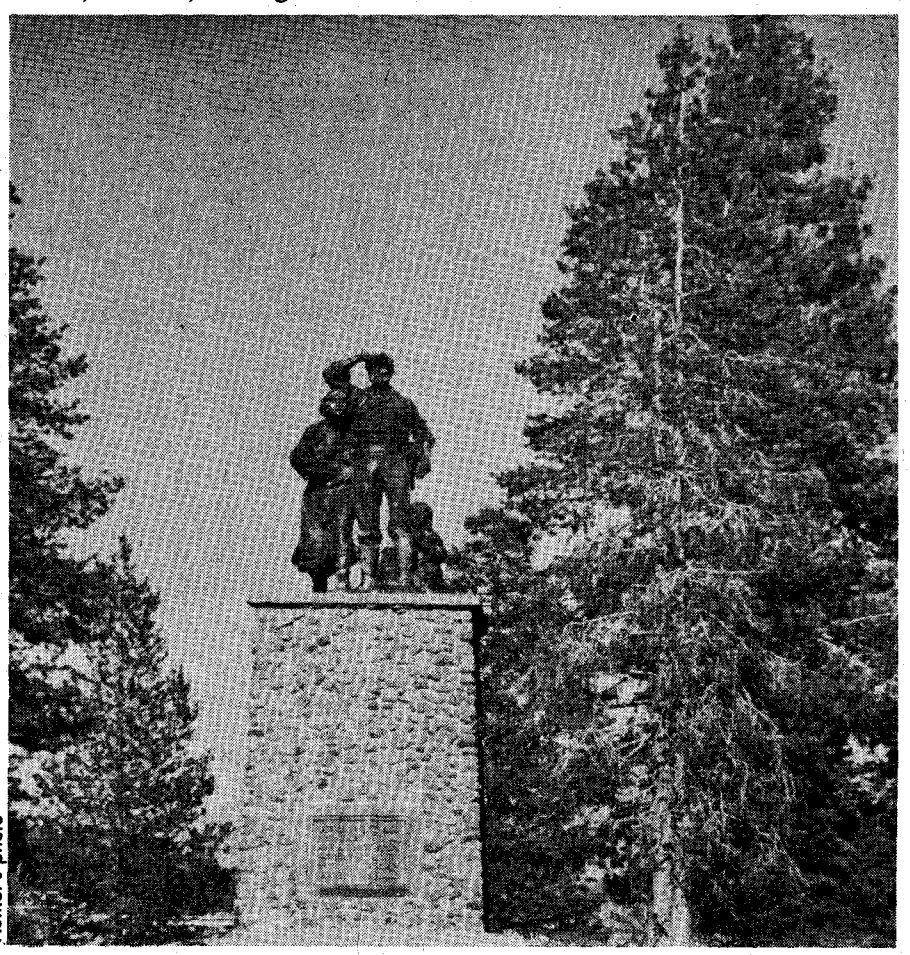
James Reed had ridden off, soon meeting the Donners who were aghast at the news of the killing. They insisted that their teamster, Walt Herron, accompany Reed over the mountains. And George Donner gave the men a letter to take to Sutter, promising to pay in full for any goods or expenses involved in succoring the emigrants. Reed and Herron rode out but were soon out of food, happily sharing a few beans found on the trail and eating some rancid tallow found in a tarbucket. They took turns riding Reed's mare and walking. They surmounted the pass and started down the westward slopes. Then, like a miracle, there was Charlie Stanton ahead on the trail, leading a string of pack mules with two of Sutter's Indian herders to help him. The men exchanged news, and Reed learned that California was now American - held territory. Stanton gave them a little food, then they parted ways. Stanton rode on into the mountains.

When Stanton finally met up with the oncoming emigrants, he found them stalled on the far side of the mountain, camped at a tourmaline teardrop - shaped lake just below the pass. Stanton warned them that they must get over the pass as it would soon be snow - choked and impassable. The people listened but they were confident they would soon be over the last but most formidable barrier of all. Stanton distributed the food and blankets he had brought and went to visit the Donners who were camped at Alder Creek, some five miles east of the lake, where a broken axle needed to be repaired before they could travel further.

The first snow started falling in those early days of November. The emigrants ignored the snow and repeatedly tried to get over the pass, but each time, their weakened oxen would falter and they would have to return to the lake. Then they attempted to cross on foot, but in the deepening snow, with gale winds lashing at them, they could make no headway. They were still not discouraged as they expected the snow to melt between snowstorms, as it did in Illinois. And if worse came to worse and they had to spend the winter there, they had plenty of oxen to butcher. They could last for many months if they had to.

In the meantime, they built rude shelters to keep off the show and wind. Since they were sure their cabins were only a temporary thing, they made rough huts of logs, or brush and canvas, roofing them with pine branches and poles covered with old quilts, wagon tops, and the hides of their butchered oxen.

On the twenty-eighth of October, James Reed and Walter Herron had reached Sutter's Fort to tell their story. Reed wanted to go back into the mountains with food and men and mules to help bring out the emigrants. But Sutter calmed him, reminding him that they still had time to get over the pass. After all, Hastings had come through the year before on Christmas Eve, although on horseback and nearly frozen. And the pioneers still had their oxen, Sutter said, to butcher for food. Besides, most of the able-bodied men in the area were with Fremont in southern California, fighting off the rebellious Mexicans who resented having their country filched from them. Perhaps if Reed would join up, Sutter said, once the *Californios* were subdued there would be plenty of men willing to go back with Reed into the mountains. Reed reluctantly



Author's photo

Donner Monument near Donner Lake, dedicated in 1918 to perpetuate the memory of all pioneers in the West.

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agreed and fought in a brief skirmish at Santa Clara, then insisted he must try to rescue his family, even if he had to go alone. Ike McCutchen, who had remained at Sonoma, too ill to return to his family with Charlie Stanton, now agreed he would go back with Reed. Sutter promised to provision the two, even providing two of his Indian *vaqueros* to drive the mule train. The first attempt to rescue the stranded emigrants was on its way.

Reed and McCutchen left the fort in a drizzling, translucent rain that made the plain one long bog and swelled the icy creeks to waist-deep torrents. Sleep was impossible in the driving rain; even a fire was a luxury. Finally, at the head of Bear Valley in the western Sierra foothills, they came upon a stranded emigrant couple, the Curtises, who were roasting their pet dog for supper. They all feasted that night. The next day, Reed and Herron cached their extra food in the Curtis wagonbed, left nine horses and one of the Indians with them, and pushed on in ever-deepening snow. They made only three miles that day and camped. The Indian boy disappeared during the night and scurried back to the Curtis camp to pick up his Indian friend and three horses, then head straight home for Sutter's fort.

So now Reed and Herron fought on alone, forcing their horses to rear up and plunge forward in the drifts now nearly up to their shoulders. The pack mules gave up, lying down in the snow with only their heads above the snow, and were left behind with their precious packs. At any moment Reed expected to see his family and the other emigrants coming toward him or at least spot their campfire. But at last, fighting off panic, Reed and Herron sadly admitted defeat. They could go no farther although the pass was now in sight above them. They returned to rejoin the Curtis couple, finding six of their horses still alive, but most of the cached food had been eaten by bears. The four returned to Sutter's.

By now it was December and the snow-trapped emigrants at the lake had been living in their crowded, noxious log huts and canvas shelters for a month, lashed by repeated storms, their food all but gone. At Alder Creek, five miles east of the lake, George Donner had cut his hand while fashioning the wagon axle, and it had become infected. Most of the oxen had strayed off or had frozen to death in the blizzards and were buried under the deep snow. They butchered those animals who remained, throwing the hides onto the roofs of their crude shelters. Sixty people were "holed-up" at the lake camp and twenty-one more at Alder Creek. All were desperately low on food, the children crying weakly for meat. Will Eddy did manage to shoot two ducks and a grizzly bear which he shared with everyone. Then, like an answer to their prayers, Charlie Stanton rode in with his laden mules and two Indian *vaqueros*. Stanton cheered them with the news that James Reed and Walter Herron were by now at the fort and would undoubtedly return with supplies very soon.

A new spirit of confidence and hope came over the emigrants. Stanton and young Billy Graves put everyone to making crude snowshoes fashioned from thin sawed strips of the oxbows, laced with rawhide — fourteen pairs in all. By the middle of December, seventeen of the youngest and strongest were ready to ascend the slopes, led by Charlie Stanton and Will Eddy. But after six days of superhuman effort, Stanton was worn out and one morning refused to get up from the fire when the others were ready to leave. They left him there and he was never to be seen

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again. The Snowshoe Party, later called the Forlorn Hope, slogged on. Eddy, with young Mary Graves' help, did manage to wound a deer, then crawl up and cut its throat. But the meat was gone in a few days. On Christmas Day, the cattle-driver Antonio died. The others unceremoniously cut off the dead man's clothing, chopped up the body and roasted it.

Will Eddy refused to join the feasting, as did Sutter's two Indians. In a few days, the snowshoers were threatening to kill the Indians and eat them, but Eddy warned them and they slipped away in the night. Following the trail of their bloody footprints, the travelers tracked them down and killed the luckless two. Eddy was sickened but helpless to prevent the cannibalism. Strengthened by a small piece of bear meat his wife had given him, Eddy went on ahead, soon coming to a squalid Digger Indian village. The Indians gave him some acorn bread and then half-carried and half-dragged the man to the first settlement, Johnson's Ranch, east of Sutter's Fort some forty miles. Eddy told his dreadful tale, then collapsed into exhausted slumber. It was January seventeenth, a month since the snowshoers had left the camp at the lake.

The straggling travelers were brought to the ranch, and word was sent to the fort that help was needed if the others still in the mountains were to survive. Sutter organized a relief expedition, asking for strong, able-bodied men to volunteer. Among the first to step forward were the Mormon brothers, John and Daniel Rhoads, along with Aquilla Glover and Riley Septimus Mootrey (or Moultry), all of whom had left Missouri in the great wagon train eariler in that year and thus knew most of the luckless emigrants stranded in the snows. Two runaway sailors, named Sels and Coffeymire, joined up as did Reasin P. Tucker, his sixteen-year-old son George, James Curtis, William Coon, M. D. Ritchie, and Will Eddy who was hardly recovered from his ordeal with the snowshoers but was anxious about his wife and children at the lake.

Nearby ranchers contributed steers to be butchered, the meat then dried or "jerked," and wheat was brought to the mill to be ground into flour. Warm clothing and blankets were gathered up. By the last day of January, the First Relief was ready to leave. In the manner of politicians everywhere, the rancher and justice of the peace, John Sinclair, made a farewell speech to the assembled volunteers and friends. "Men, you are starting on a hazardous journey into the wilderness of the mountains," he said to them, "and nothing could justify your taking such a perilous undertaking except your obligation to your fellow-men who are suffering and dying!"

For days the relief party plodded across the sodden, central California plain, then clambered up the slippery foothill slopes, often spending the nights standing up around their fires in their rain-soaked boots and clothing. At Mule Springs the pack mules could go no farther, and so young George Tucker was left there to guard the stock and extra provisions. Now each man shouldered a seventy-five-pound pack and went ahead on foot. They had come sixty miles, but they had nearly as far yet to go, and from here on, the going would be harder as the snow deepened with each mile. Will Eddy had to give up, still weak and ailing from his recent trip over the mountains, and he returned to the base camp. Only seven men now remained. They lightened their packs to forty-five-pound loads, caching the surplus food in tree tops for their return journey.

In a soft, sticky snow that made their snowshoes more a hindrance than a help, the reliefers got over the pass and could see below them the slate-grey frozen lake with its blue-green fringe of pines, peaceful-looking in the late afternoon gloom. There was no sign of life, or even of human habitations. But then, from out of a hole in a snowbank, an emaciated and disheveled wraith appeared, staring in disbelief. Soon others came crawling up from their dens, many crying hysterically but most standing numb and speechless, not certain they were not viewing a hunger-driven mirage.

"Are you from Californy or from Heaven?" one woman asked. Margaret Reed cried with relief when she heard her husband was on his way to take them all to safety. She decided that she would take Virginia and go to meet him on the trail. She busied herself preparing for the journey, knowing that her three younger children would have to be left to the tender mercies of the other emigrants until their father could arrive.

When the relief party went on to Alder Creek, they found Tamsen Donner nursing her ill husband whose hand had become gangrenous. She would not hear of leaving him, but she allowed her two older daughters, Elitha and Leanna, to leave with the rescue party. At the Jacob Donner hut a hundred yards away, Elizabeth also said she would stay but sent her little Georgie Donner and his half-brother, William Hook, along with the rescuers. Reasin Tucker assured the Donners that another relief was on its way. He left a little food with them and with the four Donner children. The rescue party then returned to the lake camp to organize the return trip.

On February twenty-second, those strong enough to walk left with the Glover-Rhoads party. Margaret Reed had decided to take her eight-year-old Patty and little Tommy, but they soon were too weary to walk and had to be carried. Then the relief leader said the two young children were too heavy to carry and must be taken back to the lake. Virginia Reed later said that it was the hardest blow yet ... "to leave the children .. not knowing if they would starve to death," but little Patty stoutly told her mother, "If you never see me again, do the best you can!"

Then, on the trail, reunion at last for the Reeds, separated since October. Margaret fainted at sight of her husband but soon revived. Their joy, however, was marred by their concern for their three children still in the mountains, staying with people who had not been friendly to the Reeds. Reed hurried on eastward as the relief party descended to the plain and the fort.

When Reed reached the lake camp, he found his young sons alive but weak; he bathed and clothed them in clean garments, then made them a strengthening broth of beef jerky and flour. At the other cabins, Reed found hacked and mutilated bodies lying outside, including the dismembered torso of his teamster, Milt Elliott. Patrick Breen, in his diary, wrote that old Mrs. Murphy had said she would have "to commence on Milt and eat him." Also in his diary, Breen had unsentimentally documented the deaths, the number of oxhides left to eat, sometimes with a scrap of prayer. The entries were short, such as "Eddy's child died last night," followed by similar notations that the Keseberg infant, then Mrs. Eddy, and others followed in death. Breen also expressed suspicion about Lewis Keseberg, whose hoard of valuables seemed to increase with ever death.

When Reed reached Alder Creek, he found George Donner near death, but Tamsen still stoutly said she would remain with her husband, although she only had one hide left to

(continued on next page)

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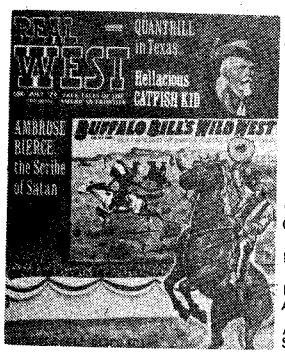


JULY 74

QUANTRILL in Texas

Hellacious CATFISH KID

BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN

AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

AUG 74

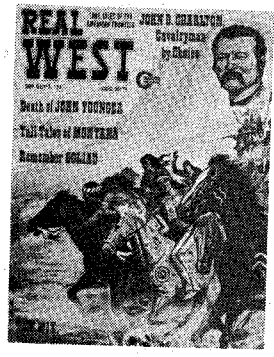
The WOODSTOCK DISASTER

A Man For Breakfast

Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL

COWBOY BURL

RED RIVER VALLEY



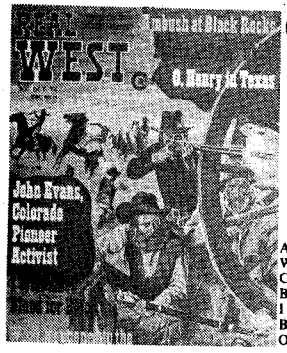
SEPT 74

Death of JOHN YOUNGER

Tall Tales of MONTANA

Remember GOLIAD

JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.



OCT 74

Ambush at BLACK ROCKS

What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN

I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD

O. HENRY IN TEXAS

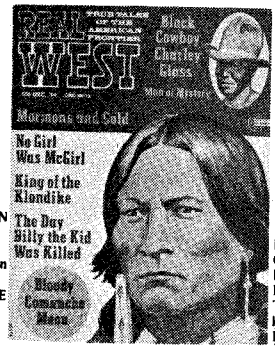
NOV 74

The PRESIDENT who WON the WEST

A man called BAT

RUBE BURROW train robber

DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.



DEC 74

Black cowboy CHARLEY GLASS

Bloody COMANCHE MOON

The day BILLY the KID was killed

KING of the KLONDIKE

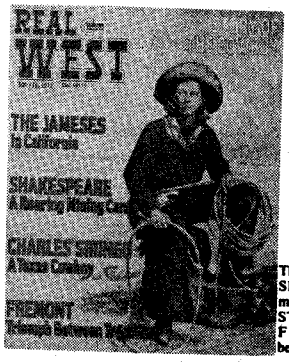
JAN 75

WILL JAMES, cowboy artist

RAILS across the SIERRAS

Wicked SARAH

SHANGHAI PIERCE



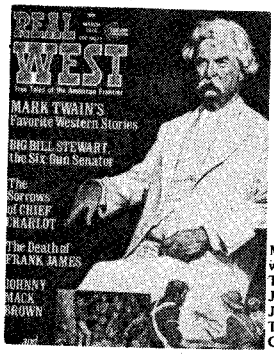
FEB 75

The JAMESES in California

SHAKESPEARE, a roaring mining camp

STORY OF THE COWBOY

FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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eat. Jacob Donner had died, and when Reed arrived, Elizabeth was roasting his liver and heart to feed her five children, although she refused to eat. Reed was anxious to leave, but he decided that Tamsen's three daughters were strong enough to wait for the next rescue party, as could Elizabeth's sons, Lewis and Samuel. Reed left two men to take care of the Donner families and returned to the lake with Elizabeth's other three children. Everyone was to leave the lake camp except for the ailing Mrs. Murphy and Keseberg, who said he was in no hurry and would wait for a later rescue party.

After a terrible crossing, Reed and the others got over the ridge on March sixth, just before another snowstorm hit the area. Reed became snow-blind, writing later about it that "the snow blew so thick and fast ... I could not see the light of the fire blazing before me." The tireless giant McCutchen took the lead. Little Isaac Donner died one night, but on March eighth, the storm was over. Finally, with feet frozen, the travelers reached the safety of Johnson's Ranch.

The two men left by Reed to care for the Donners had scarcely seen the rescuers move off when they approached Tamsen Donner, offering to take her three daughters over the mountains for five hundred dollars in gold. She agreed and they left with four-year-old Eliza, five-year-old Georgia, and six-and-a-half-year-old Frances, but they soon abandoned the children at the lake camp and absconded. When Tamsen went to the Murphy-Eddy cabin at the lake to buy an oxhide, she found her little girls. But Will Eddy and his party soon arrived, and Tamsen offered him $1500 to take her daughters to safety. Eddy said that William O'Fallon and another relief group would be arriving any day and that they would rescue them all.

When O'Fallon arrived, he was appalled at the sight of the dismembered bodies lying about. At Alder Creek, he found George Donner's body with its skull split open. Elizabeth Donner had died, as had her little son Lewis and daughter Elizabeth. The Jacob Donner cabin had been ransacked and all Tamsen Donner's silks, silverware, and gold coins had disappeared. But Tamsen Donner was nowhere to be found. Keseberg admitted she had come to see him, wanting to buy a hide, but insisted she returned to Alder Creek and her dying husband. When O'Fallon's men searched his cabin, they found Tamsen's missing silverware and dresses, along with George Donner's prized pistols. They would have hanged Keseberg on the spot, but they had no real evidence he was a murderer. He was obviously both a thief and a cannibal.

Taking Tamsen's daughters with them, letting Keseberg follow as best he could, O'Fallon headed back over the mountains. On the way to the fort, the men found the mouldering body of little Ada Keseberg beside the trail, and the grieving father buried his little daughter. By late - April, they were back at Sutter's, the geese flying northward overhead. Spring had come.

Of the eighty-seven persons who took Hastings' Cutoff, forty-seven lived to reach California. Will Eddy had lost both wife and children, and nearly every family had lost someone. So now they scattered, the orphaned children taken in by fellow travelers and local families. Lewis Keseberg was never brought to trial, but he was shunned and despised by all who met him. After captaining a wheat schooner for Sutter, he tried running a boarding house, and died destitute in a sleazy Sacramento suburb at the age of 81. Will Eddy remarried, raised another family but died while still young in 1849. The Murphys moved to Marysville where they figured prominently in local history. Patrick Breen settled his family in the village of San Juan Bautista, where his home can still be seen on the town square. The sturdy Ike McCutchen moved to San Jose to be near his friend, James Reed, and lived to be a white-bearded old man. Reed became San Jose's first pioneer real-estate developer. True to her promise made in the snows, Virginia Reed became a devout Catholic. Brave little Mary Graves, of the snowshoers, married at fourteen, as did Elitha Donner. Even the Reed's not - too - bright hired girl, Eliza Williams, was engaged within months of her rescue. As Virginia Reed wrote to a cousin in Illinois, "California is the greatest place for marrying!"

Hastings never made any attempts to help rescue the unfortunate people he led to disaster and death. He had joined Fremont's forces to fight the Mexicans in late 1846, being made a captain. He stayed in California to lay out a townsite near Sacramento he named Montezuma; he then practiced law in San Francisco, where he was elected to the city's first school board. In 1848 he was appointed a judge, and in 1849 he served on the territory's first constitutional convention. With the outbreak of the Civil War, he joined the Confederacy with another grandiose scheme to seize Arizona, New Mexico, and southern California for the South. Nothing came of it and so he fled to New Orleans, then held by the Union forces. He later led a band of ex-Southerners to found a colony in Brazil he called Americana, after writing another guidebook. He died at sea in the 1870's, while enroute to Brazil for the second time.

The Donners are remembered by the lake and the pass that now bear their name. In 1918, a huge statue of a pioneer family was erected near Donner Lake, facing the rugged Sierra peaks just off present-day Highway 40. At the dedication on June 6, 1918, the three living survivors of the "ordeal by hunger," Mrs. Martha Jane (Patty Reed) Lewis, Mrs. Eliza (Donner) Houghton, and Mrs. Frances (Donner) Wilder were the guests of honor. The governor of California, William D. Stephens, standing beside his state's Bear Flag, dedicated the monument to the courage and valor "of the men and women who braved the burning desert and the snowbound summits" to reach the Golden Land of Promise. ●**RW**

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According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing *seed*, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

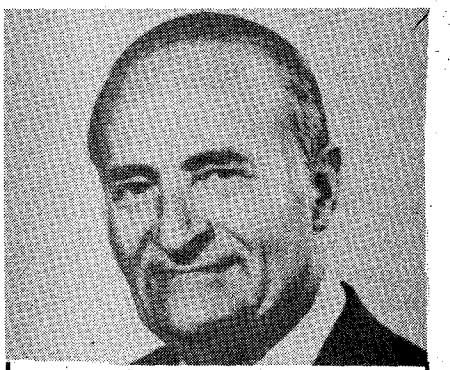
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

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WHETSTONE BLACKY

(continued from page 21)

liar. For this she was promptly slugged in the jaw.

Madame Bulldog made a screeching run at him, one hand going to the seat of his pants and the other grasping his neck. Wheeling before her clutch tightened, he knocked her loose with a right fist to the jaw. Coming back slugging, for a fast minute she almost got the best of him.

When the chance came, Whetstone Blacky pulled a six-gun and pistol-whipped her brutally about the head. Several hard licks dropped her floorward, senseless and bleeding. Most male customers fled rather than tangle with the infuriated killer. Grabbing a recently, freighted - in heavy chair, he attacked those left and chased the girls to their rooms.

Then he smashed all the parlor furniture, broke out two front windows, and tore the door off the hinges. Anger still unsatiated, he went looking for the girls to beat up. While manhandling one, the others made good their escape out the back door. He then ripped each room apart, broke more windows, and returned to where Madam Bulldog lay on the floor.

Smirking at the few men staring in through the broken door and windows, he reached down and ripped off her clothing. Before leaving, he tore off two wall bracket lights, hurling them to the floor. The floor rugs caught fire, and the place might have burned out had not men rushed in immediately behind his departure to extinguish the oil-fed blazes.

Madam Bulldog was put to bed and Doctor Goodfellow sent for. For two days it was believed that she might die from a brain concussion. But after that she could walk around with a scarred face and black eyes.

Whetstone Blacky was shot at from the mouth of a dark alley. When he rushed in, gun ready to blast, the would-be killer was springing out the other end. He saw only the back of a small man wearing a fancy black coat and hard hat. This meager description fitted one of Madam Bulldgog's pimps and he believed it was, or else that of the girl beaten up.

Since it was impossible to overhaul the fleeing man, he retreated and went to the Prospectors Saloon. It was the fanciest place in the camp before the ornate Oriental and Palace saloons were established.

He had several drinks before surveying the gambling games. Standing at the roulette table, back to him, was a slender young man who fitted the would-be killer's description. Forthwith Whetstone Blacky lifted his six-gun and shot him through the head.

The dying youth fell sideways to the floor and rolled over. Instead of being one of the pimps he imagined, the dead man was a very recent arrival in camp to join his prospector brother.

Walking forward with smoking gun, Whetstone Blacky drawled, "Well, he'd no business being dressed fancy like the one who shot at me. This was just an honest mistake."

His speech ended as two strong miners suddenly struck him from the rear. Hurled to the floor, Whetstone Blacky was disarmed before able to shoot. More pounded him before angry miners and prospectors bound him helpless, hand and foot.

He was packed to a recently built livery barn as excitement mounted in camp. More and more miners rushed to join the angry crowd, and in minutes more than a hundred formed an impromptu vigilance committee. They proceeded to elect a judge and sheriff, as had been done in many goldrush camps.

Under hanging lanterns the judge opened court. The jury consisted of all the committee which quickly found Whetstone Blacky guilty of murder. The sentence was hanging. The sheriff, with plenty of volunteer assistants, was ordered to carry out the execution immediately.

"Now hold on, boys and judge," the sheriff objected mildly. "I have a special request to make. How about swinging him off come high noon tomorrow?"

Some objections were raised but the majority agreed. Whetstone Blacky was secured in the granary that night with a trace chain. After daylight he was taken out to eat a meal.

At eleven o'clock a rope already hanging down from a wagon tongue resting high on the neck yoke; the sheriff joined the guards. Those in the gathering crowd imagined the hanging would take place immediately.

"Not until noon and this *is* Sunday," the sheriff chuckled.

None knew what he meant until Whetstone Blacky, unfettered and with a sufficient guard, walked down to the Methodist church.

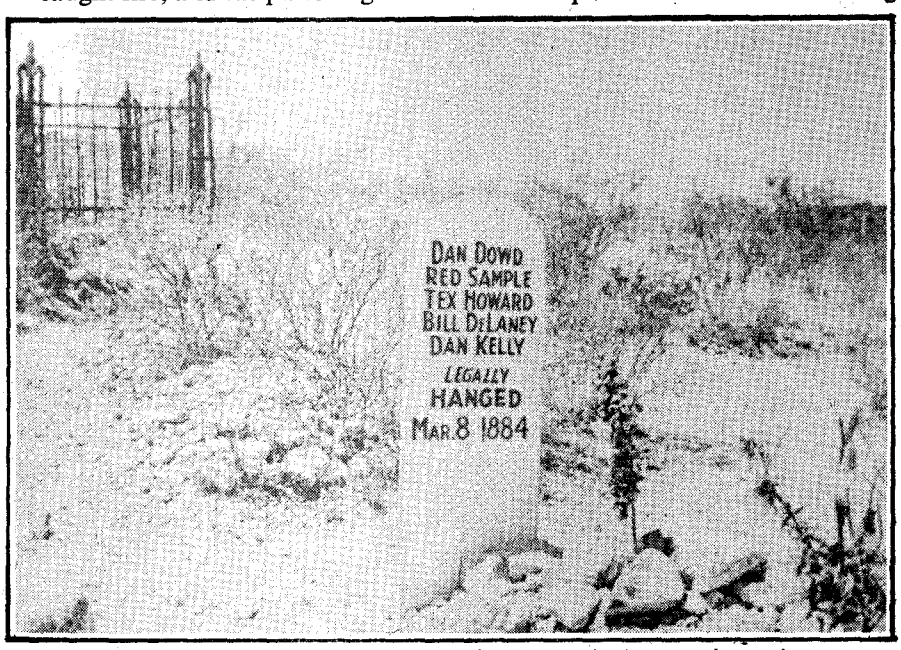
"You got any money, Blacky?" the sheriff asked. When told so, he added, "Okay, walk down to the parson and do your act!"

Whetstone Blacky actually chuckled in amusement over the droll sheriff's humor. Walking through the aisle to the lectern, he emptied his pockets of silver and gold.

"I've been a bad, bad boy, padre," he actually laughed loudly much as he had done before. "But now and forever I'm going to be a good, good boy!"

Again he went out laughing, the coolest, nerviest man in the crowd of vigilante - mobsters.

Returned to the wagon before the livery barn, he was hanged. Late that afternoon his body was buried in the camp's now famous Boothill. The grave was never marked, and today no one knows under which rock pile he lies. ● **RW**



Author's Photo Collection

Tombstone's famous boothill where Whetstone Blacky was buried in an unmarked grave.

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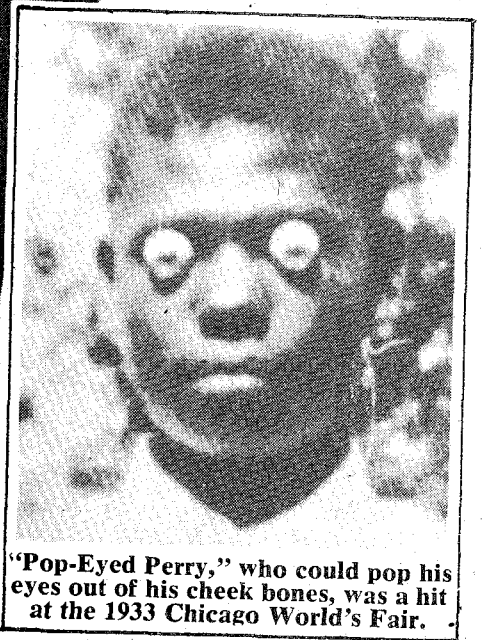

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And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,

standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired o "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. Sh wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longe for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn looked at her in years. He would fall asleep imm diately after supper, or watched the ball games, c read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to t this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Lov Instantly, her husband's attitude changed fro boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And fro that day forward, he showered her with kindne and affection! It was like a miracle come tru

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and ha piness with this secret, that I find myself wantir to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had shiny bald head with just a fringe of white ha showing around the edges. He tried this metho and soon his hair began to regrow. The new h came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSIN ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert the power to roll the dice 50 times, without mi ing once, and—for the first time in the history Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how t amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the p ple who were trying to make him look silly work—actually revealed their secret thought made them confess and apologize!

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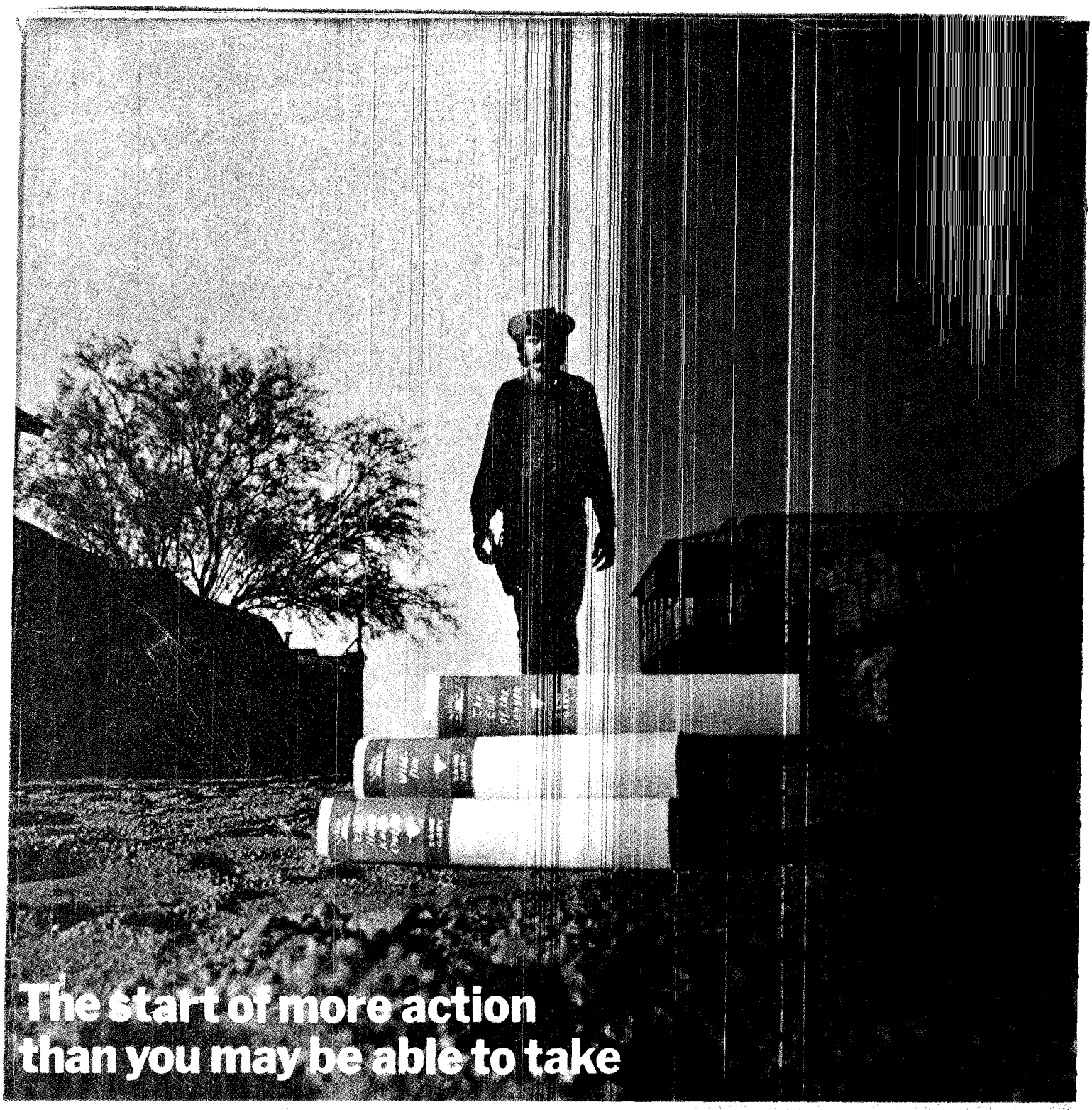

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